

MULTIPLE WARHEADS

BRANDON
GRAHAM
COMIX.



20
1992-2012
image

IMAGE COMICS PRESENTS

MULTIPLE WARHEADS

HELLO,

WELCOME TO THE FIRST ALPHABET TO INFINITY ISSUE.
I'VE MADE A COUPLE COMICS ABOUT THESE CHARACTERS BEFORE
BUT THIS IS THE FIRST AS AN ONGOING THING.
MY PLAN IS TO PUT OUT 3-5 ISSUES OF WARHEADS A YEAR AS MONTHLY
MINI SERIES--SO I CAN TAKE TIME ON IT AND TRY TO MAKE IT PRETTY.

DEAL?

DEAL.

HERE'S SOME NOTES ON THESE 48 PAGES:

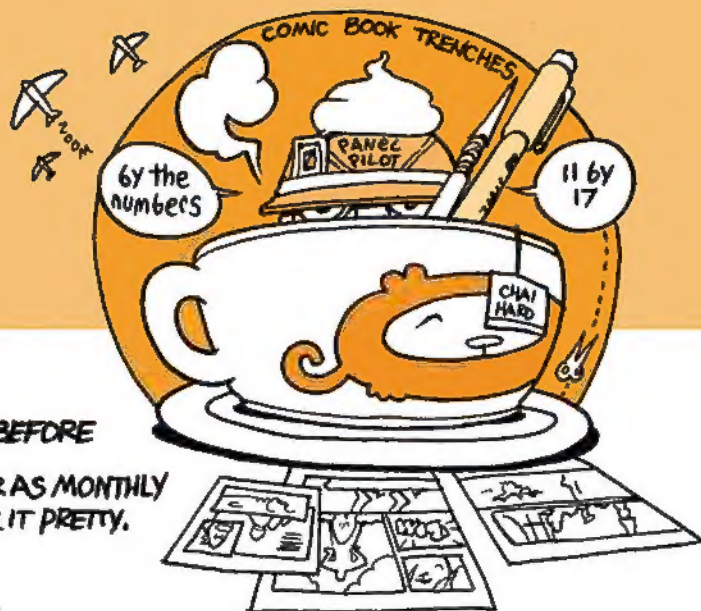
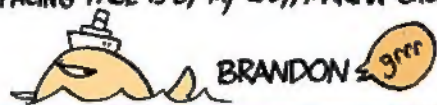
THE XELDON SQUIDS ARE NAMED AFTER MY PAL SHELDON VELLA.

TALKING SMOKE CIGARETTES IS A REFERENCE TO THE ITALIAN NAME FOR COMICS-FUMETTO.
THE LITTLE PUFF OF WORD BALLOON SMOKE.

THE DRINK BJORN BORG IS NAMED AFTER THE SWEDISH TENNIS PLAYER.
I'M NOT A FAN OF TENNIS AS MUCH AS I'M A FAN OF FUNNY NAMES. ~BJORN IN THE U.S.A.~

SHOV PUPPETS ARE PEOPLE THAT GROW MAGIC ORGANS IN ORDER TO BE HOST BODIES FOR GODS.
THERE'S A BIG BLACK MARKET FOR SHOV ORGANS IN THIS COMIC.

THE FACING PAGE IS BY MY LADY, MARIAN CHURCHLAND



CHARACTERS:

SEXICA - EX ORGAN SMUGGLER, SHE SEWED A WOLF'S PENIS ON TO
HER BOYFRIEND AS A BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

NIKOLI - A MECHANIC AND NOW WEREWOLF. SINCE GETTING THE WOLF'S
ORGAN HE NOW HAS DREAMS OF THE WOLF'S FORMER LIFE.

LENIN - (BECAUSE IT'S NOT STALIN) NIKOLI'S CAR HE REBUILT WITH
A GENIUS BOILER BRAIN INSIDE IT.

PUMPKIN PATCH - SEXICA'S FORMER ORGAN BOSS. AN ALIEN THAT TELLS
PEOPLE THAT HE'S A GOD.

BEFORE:

A SHIP RETURNING ON AUTO PILOT FROM DEEP SPACE CRASHED
INTO THE RED CITY CENTER, DESTROYING NIK AND SEX'S PLACE.
WITHOUT A HOME THEY DECIDED TO LEAVE TOWN TO SEE THE
WORLD AND THE IMPOSSIBLE CITY...

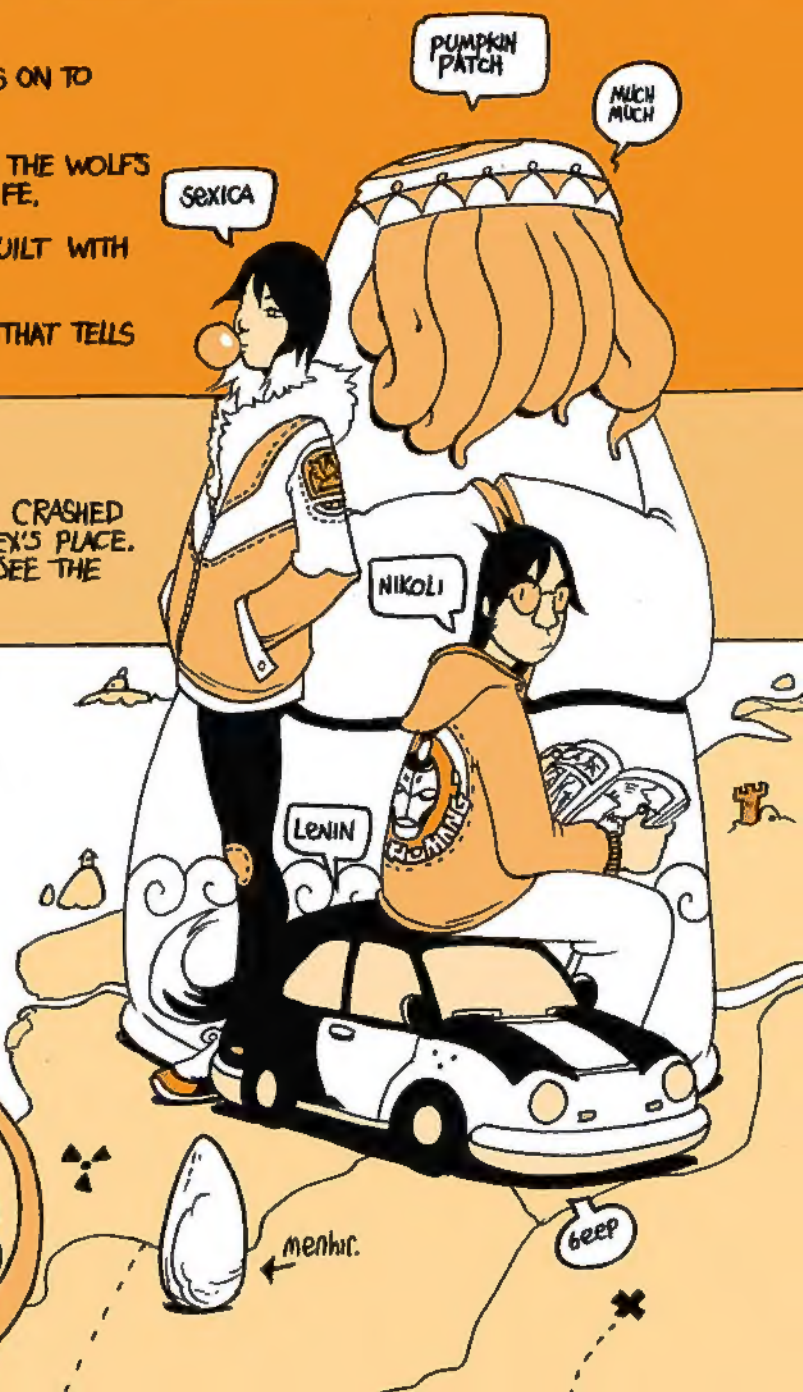
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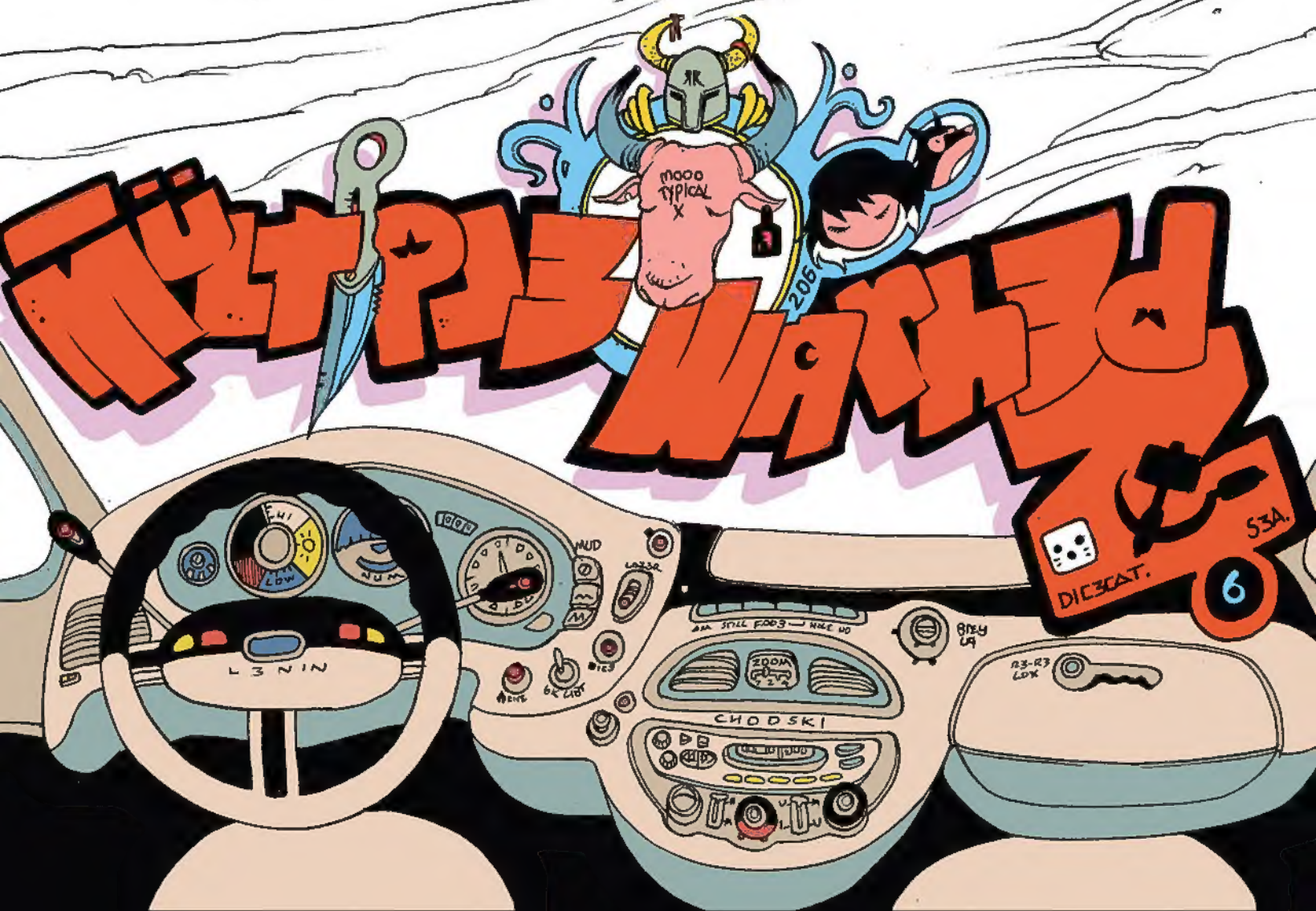
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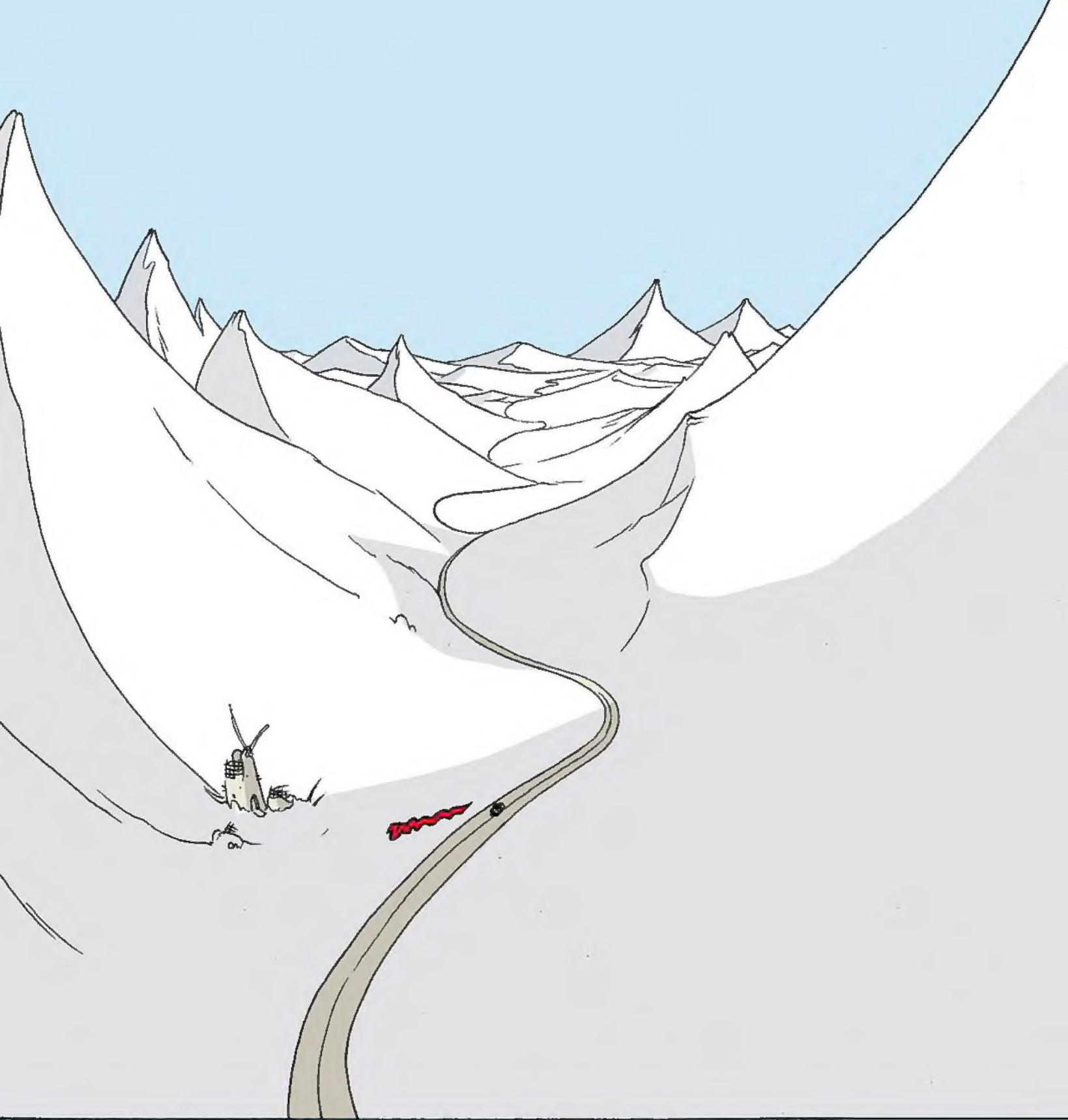


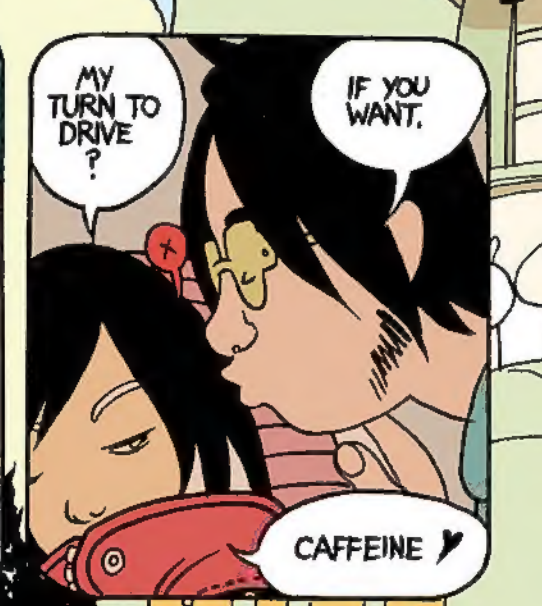


FROM ALPHABET
TO IMPOSSIBLE.

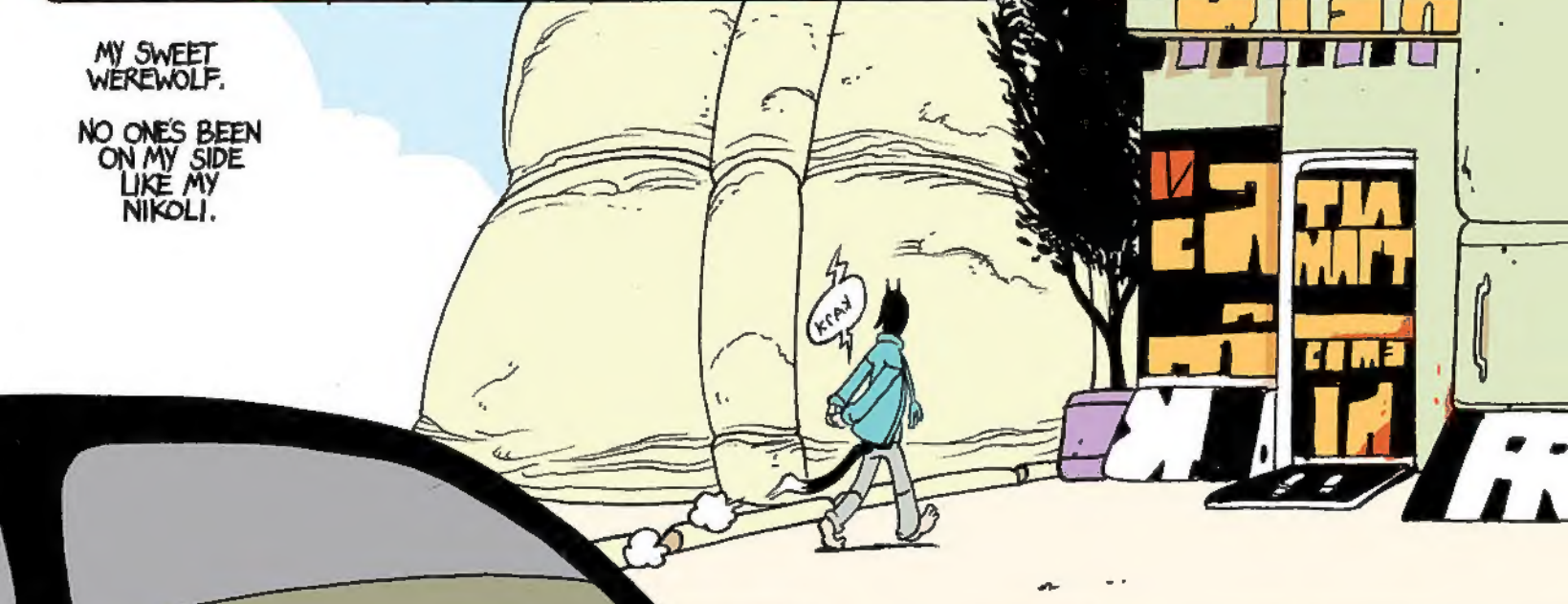
A 2.00







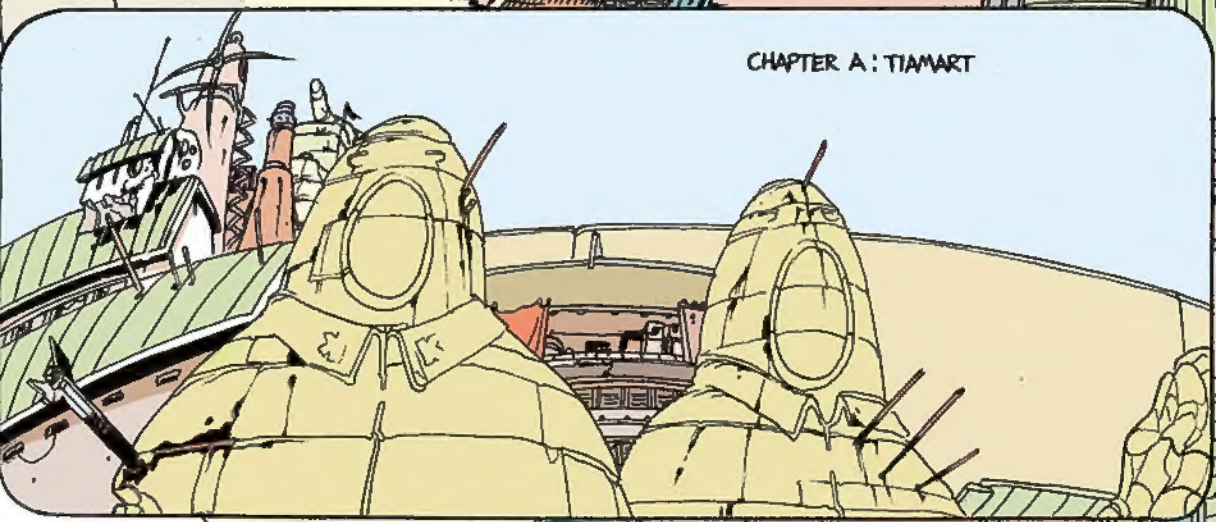
MY SWEET WEREWOLF.
NO ONE'S BEEN ON MY SIDE LIKE MY NIKOLI.



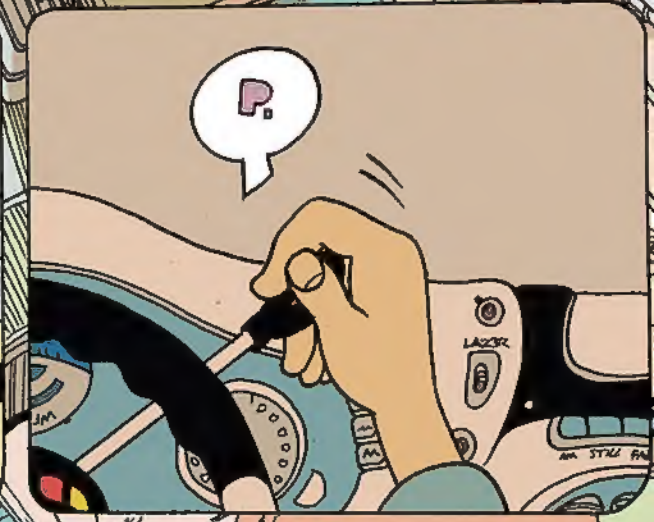
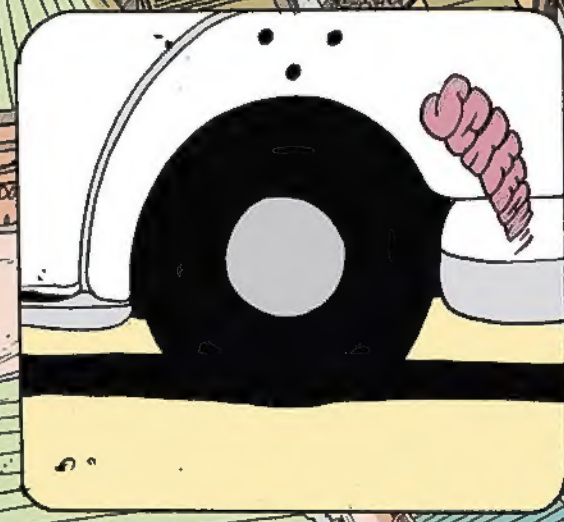
I GET OUT OF THE CAR ON HIS SIDE.



- I RUN IT THROUGH MY ION MUG TO SEE WHAT COLOR I GET:
- RED- RADIATION
 - BLUE- HAUNTED
 - WHITE- LIVING WATER
 - BLACK- BLACK MAGIC
 - GREEN- DRINKABLE
 - GOLD- FORCED IMMORTALITY



CHAPTER A: TAMART



WALLOW WHIP



C'MON

GIMME
Green.

SPUTZ.

GREY- 02H
(ORGANS TO HELL)
A WAR POISON
THAT EATS YOU
FROM THE INSIDE
OUT.

Swish
Swish

KICK

SPLAT

AN OLD XII XZU
STATUE. WE MUST
BE REALLY ON THE
BACK END OF
BAD-SIDE.

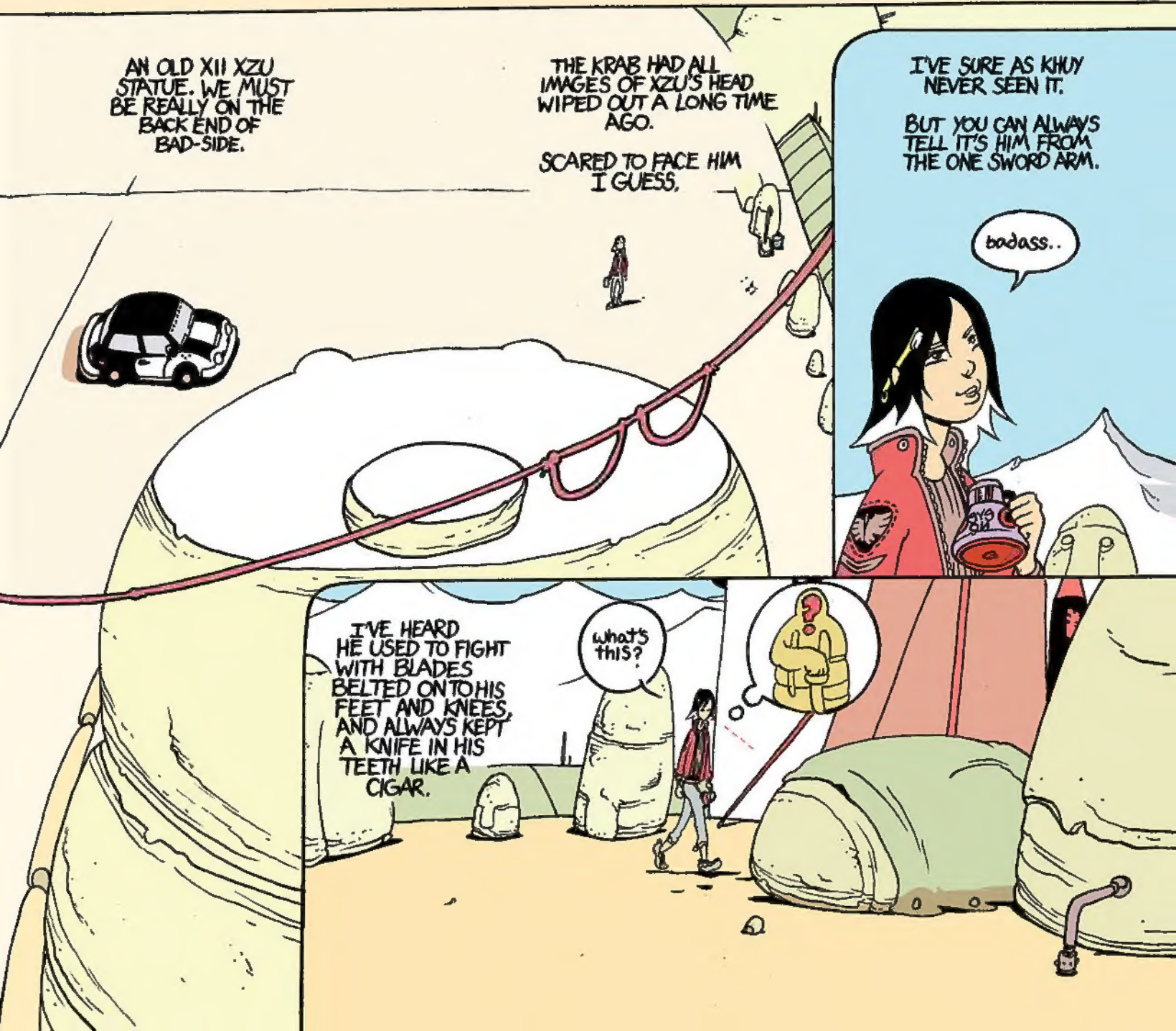
THE KRAB HAD ALL
IMAGES OF XZU'S HEAD
WIPED OUT A LONG TIME
AGO.

SCARED TO FACE HIM
I GUESS.

I'VE SURE AS KHUY
NEVER SEEN IT.

BUT YOU CAN ALWAYS
TELL IT'S HIM FROM
THE ONE SWORD ARM.

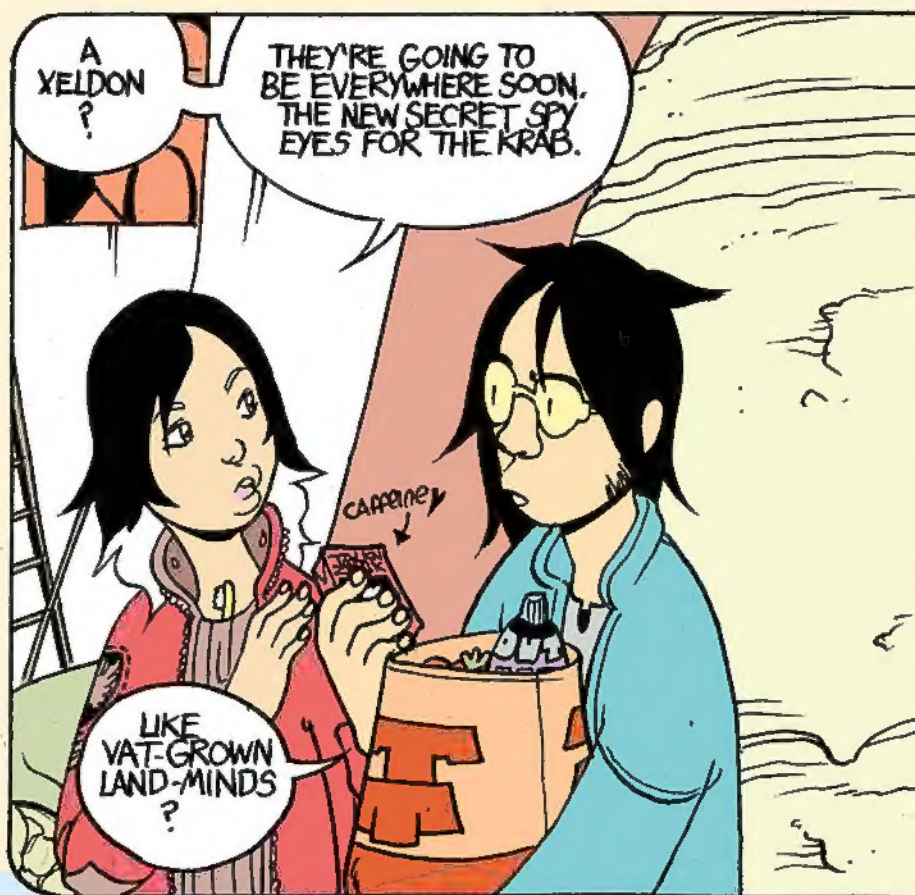
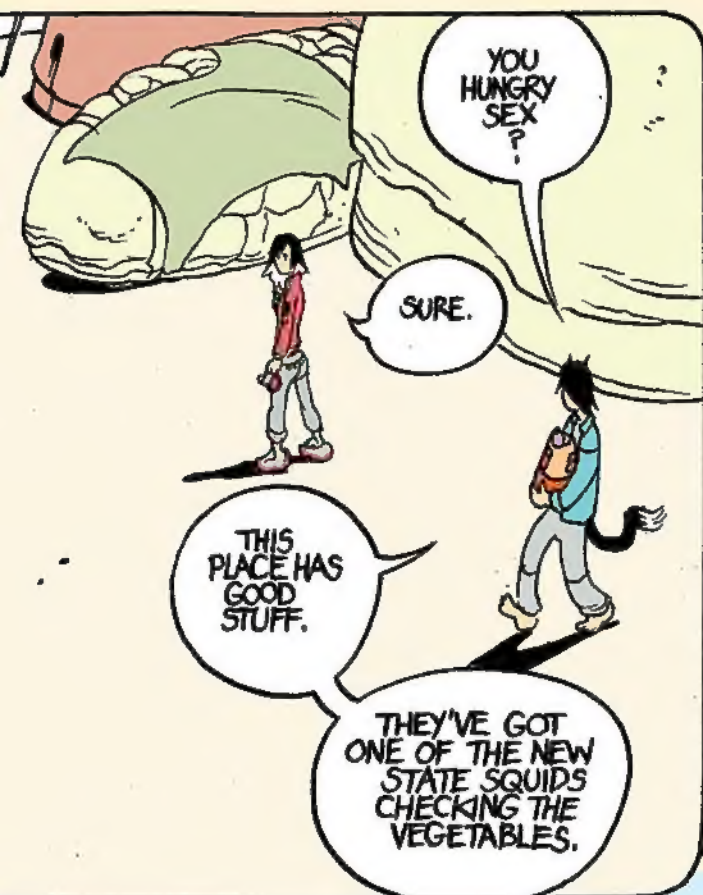
badass..



I'VE HEARD
HE USED TO FIGHT
WITH BLADES
BELTED ONTO HIS
FEET AND KNEES,
AND ALWAYS KEPT
A KNIFE IN HIS
TEETH LIKE A
CIGAR.

What's
this?







I WONDER HOW THEY STOP INTER-LOBERS FROM LISTENING IN?

NEAT!

I HAVEN'T HAD OAT BRUNK SINCE THE GLASS BEACH.

I ALSO GOT THESE SELF HEATING ROOT VEGETABLES: TURNIP THE HEAT AND BEETS THE HEAT.

Why do you beet me?

heh.

OAT BRUNK

gimee

TOPPED WITH MALT BJORN.

PLUP!

brunk fest.

WE DRINK IT THROUGH FILTER STRAWS.

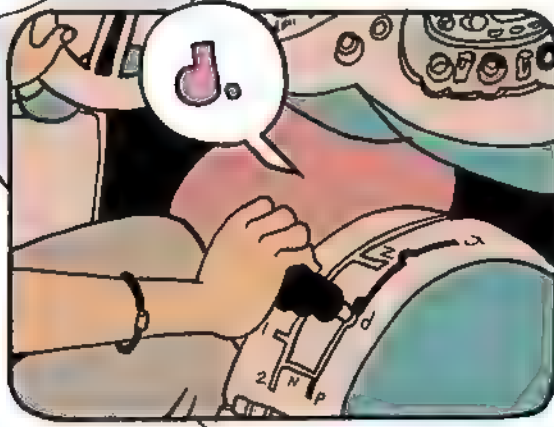
filter end works as a spoon too



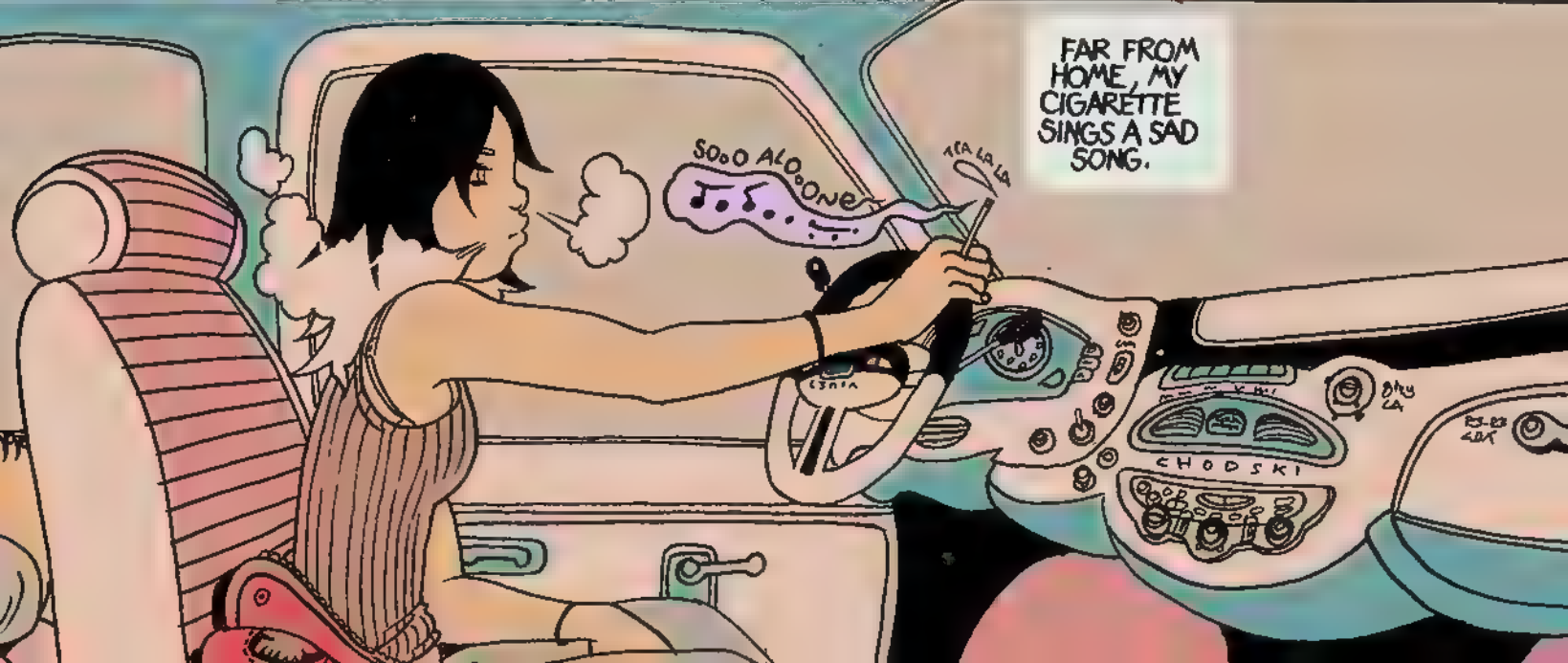
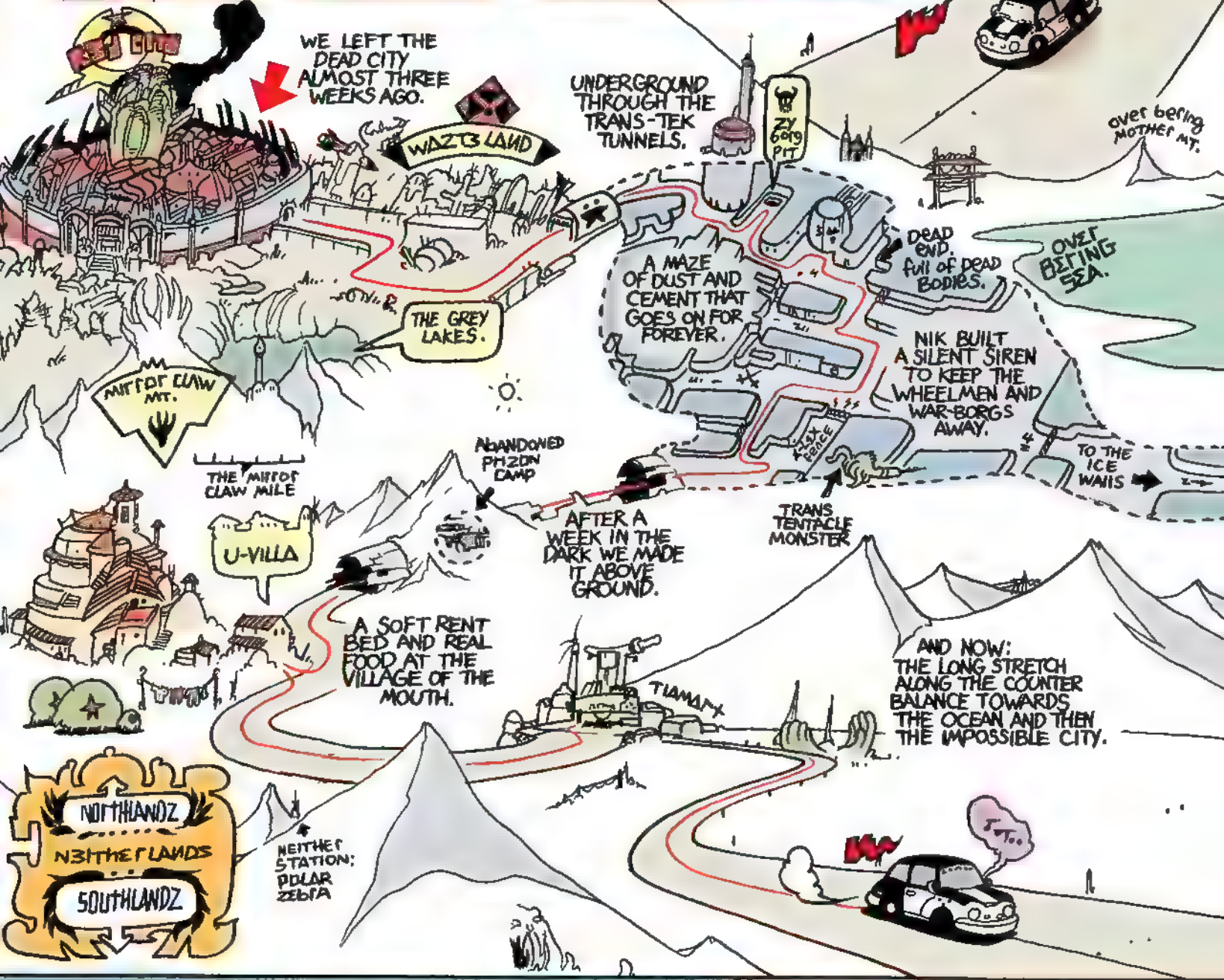
DO YOU THINK THEY HAVE BRUNK IN THE IMPOSSIBLE CITY?

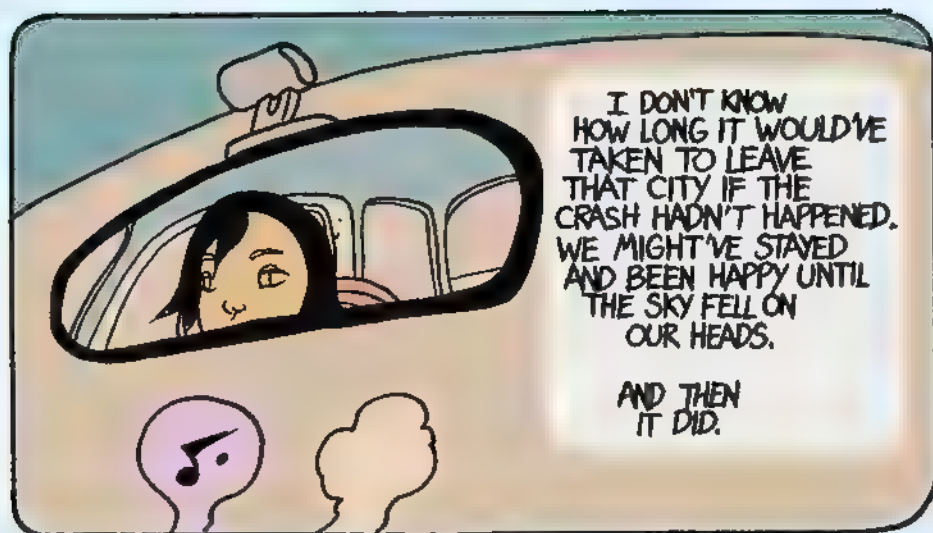
POSSIBLY.

Sip



AFTER WE EAT,
IT'S JAZZ AND
CAFFEINE
CIGARETTES WHILE
NIK SLEEPS IN
THE BACK.





I DON'T KNOW
HOW LONG IT WOULD'VE
TAKEN TO LEAVE
THAT CITY IF THE
CRASH HADN'T HAPPENED.
WE MIGHT'VE STAYED
AND BEEN HAPPY UNTIL
THE SKY FELL ON
OUR HEADS.

AND THEN
IT DID.

EVERYONE I
GREW UP WITH,
ALL MY OLD DEAD CITY
FRIENDS LEFT YEARS
AGO. SCATTERED ALL
ACROSS EARTH AND SPACE.
LOOKING FOR ADVENTURE.

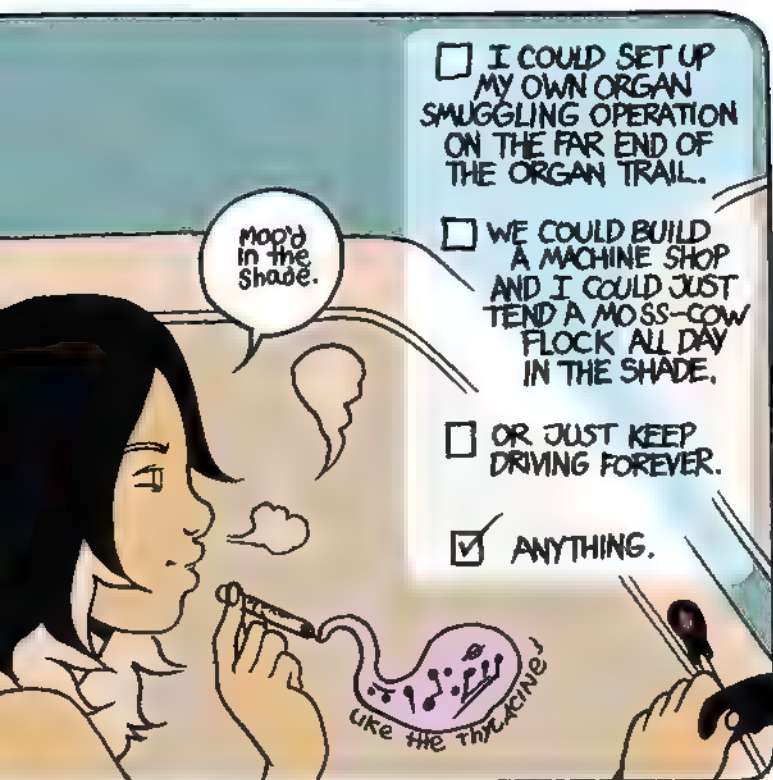
I HAD ENOUGH ADVENTURE
RUNNING ORGANS AND NIK
ALWAYS HAD HIS MACHINES
AND LATER, HIS WOIF DREAMS.

MY LIFE FEELS
LIKE A SNAKE
LEAVING ITS
OLD SKIN
BEHIND.

I'M AN
ADULT NOW
IN MY NEW
ADULT SKIN.

IT'S EXCITING.
OUR FUTURE IS A
BLANK SLATE.

ANYTHING IS
POSSIBLE.



☐ I COULD SET UP
MY OWN ORGAN
SMUGGLING OPERATION
ON THE FAR END OF
THE ORGAN TRAIL.

☐ WE COULD BUILD
A MACHINE SHOP
AND I COULD JUST
TEND A MOSS-COW
FLOCK ALL DAY
IN THE SHADE.

☐ OR JUST KEEP
DRIVING FOREVER.

☒ ANYTHING.

mop'd
in the
shade.

like the thymine

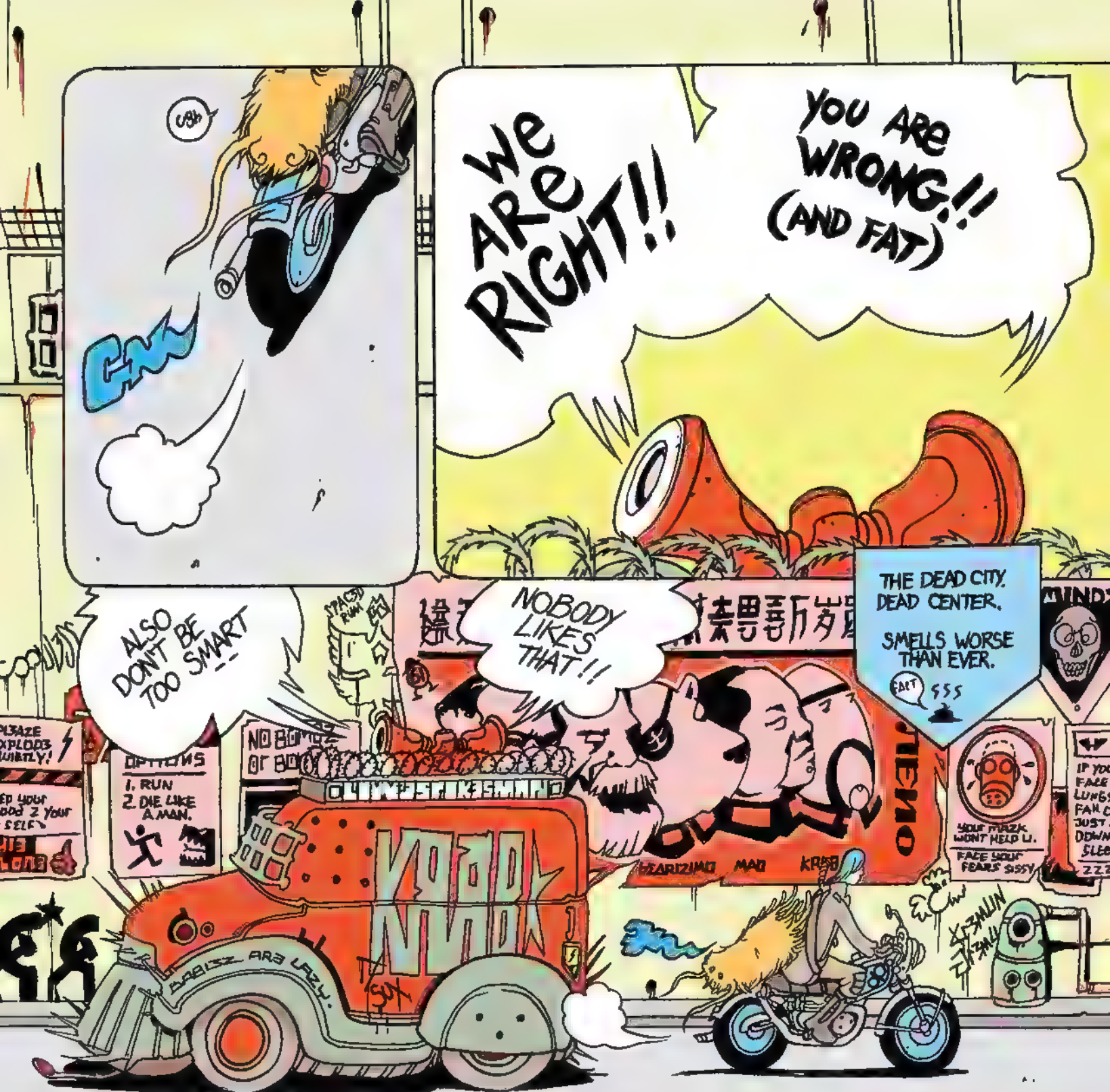


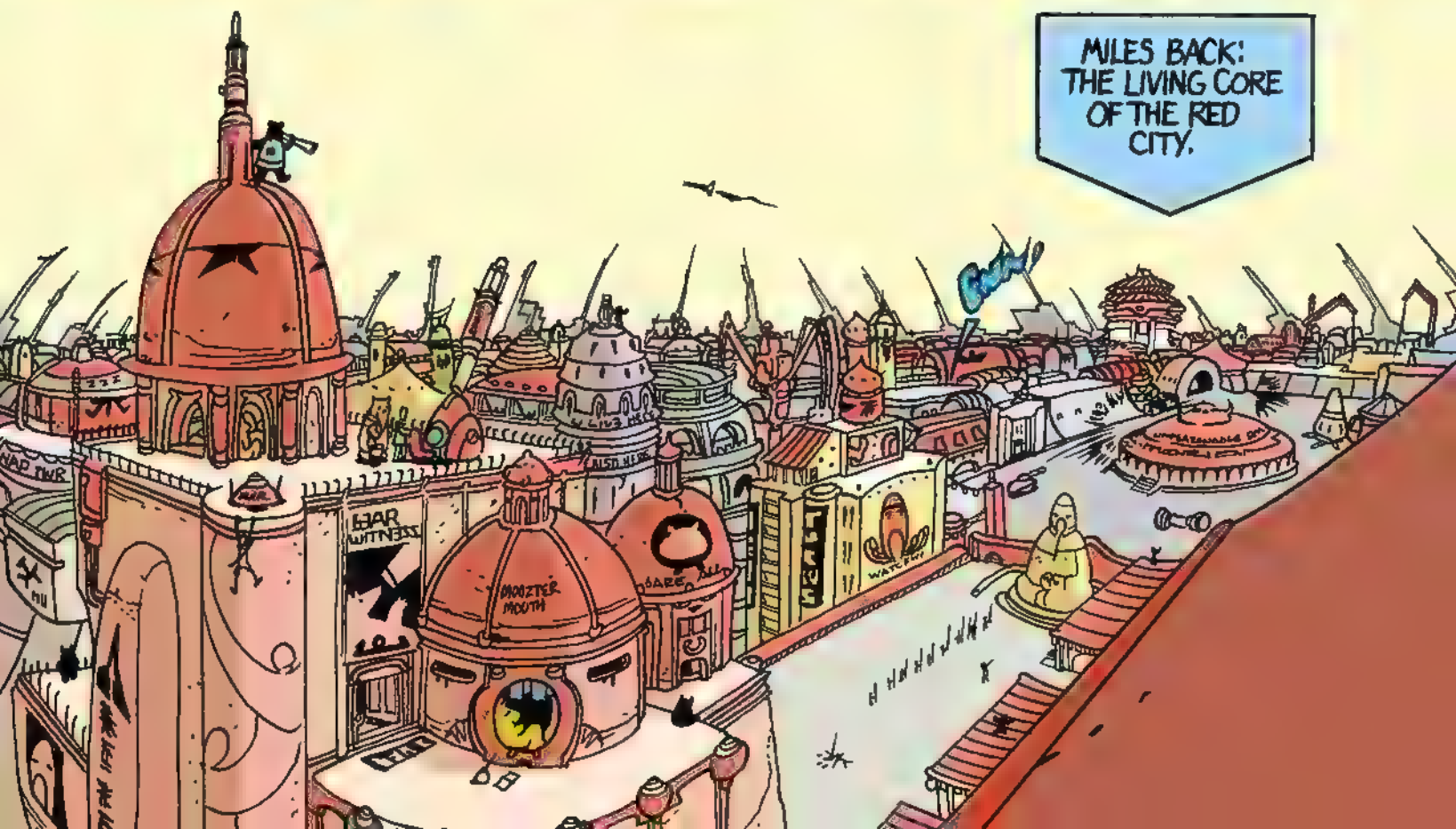
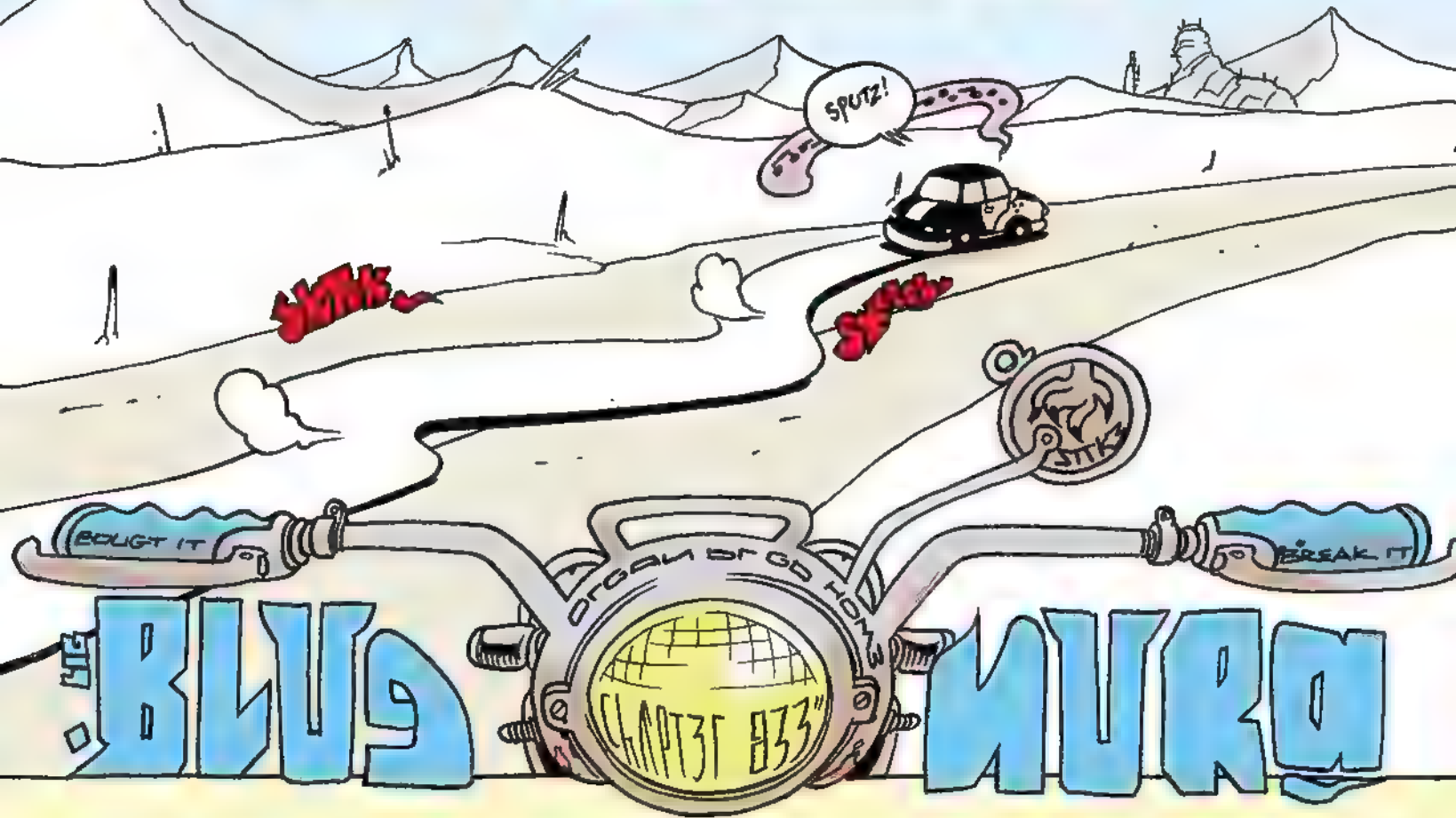
WE NEED A
SMOOTHER LIFE.

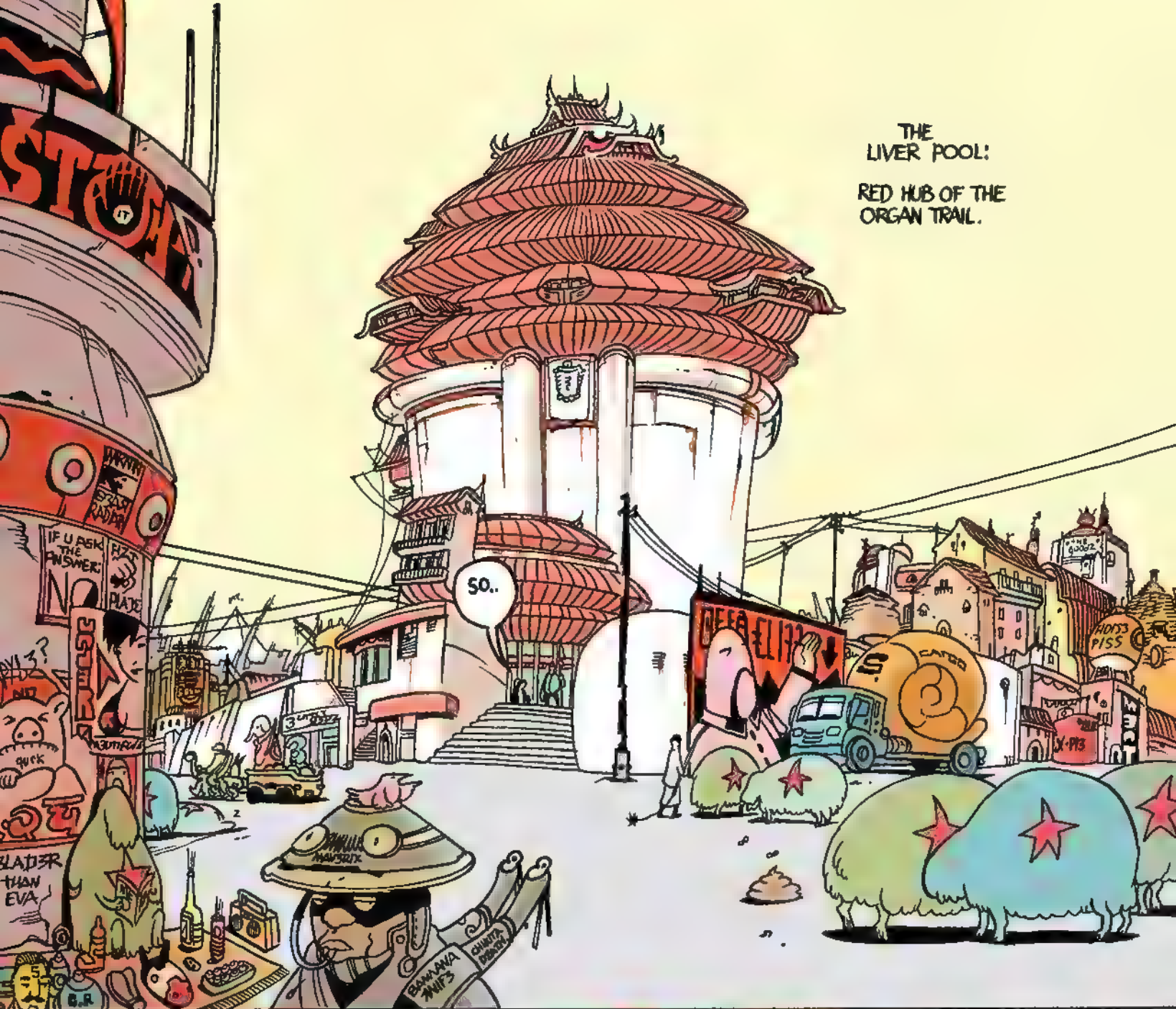
I NEED TO FIND
A NEW SOMETHING
TO GET SMOOTH AT.

THY CA LOVELY

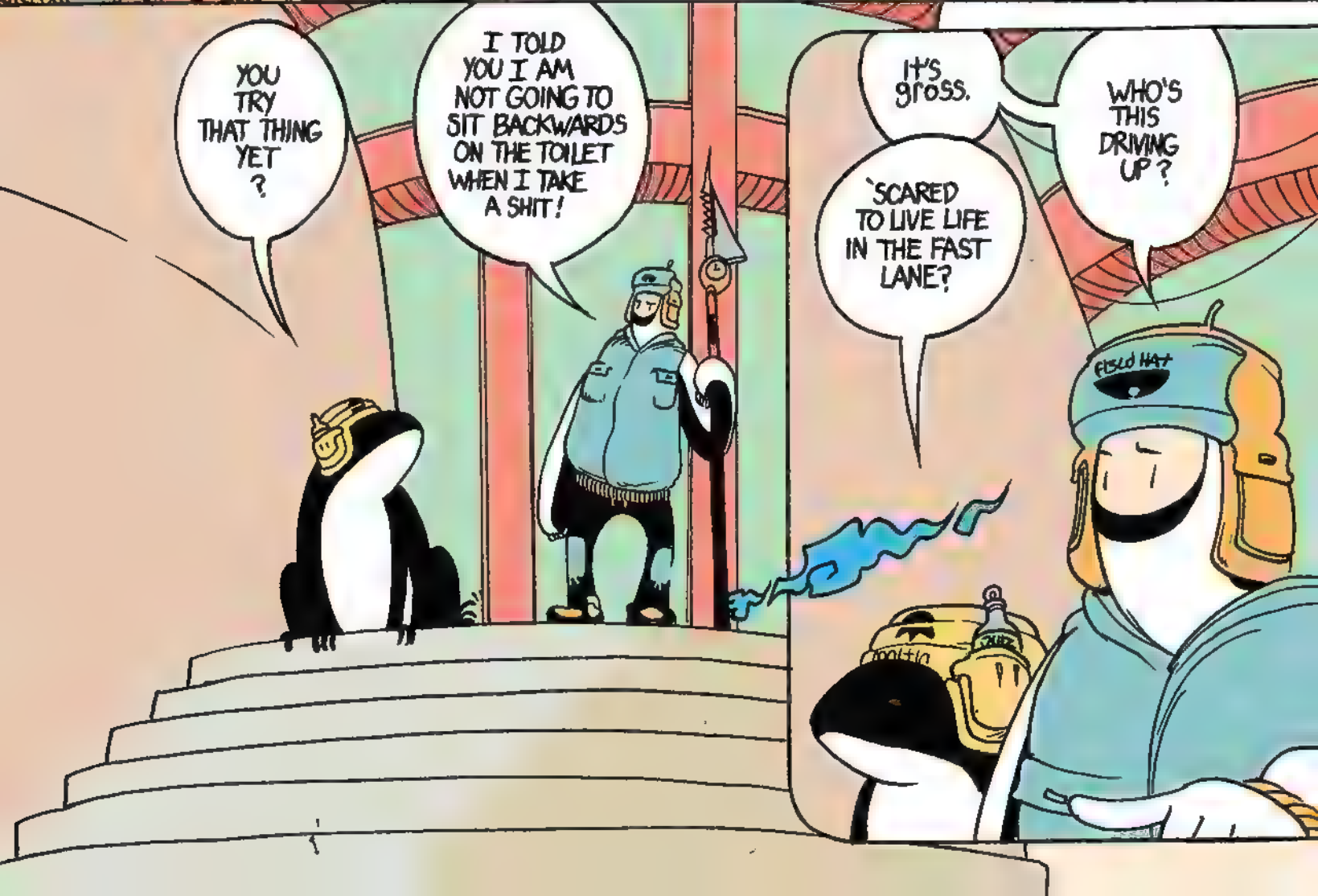
2.







THE
LIVER POOL:
RED HUB OF THE
ORGAN TRAIL.



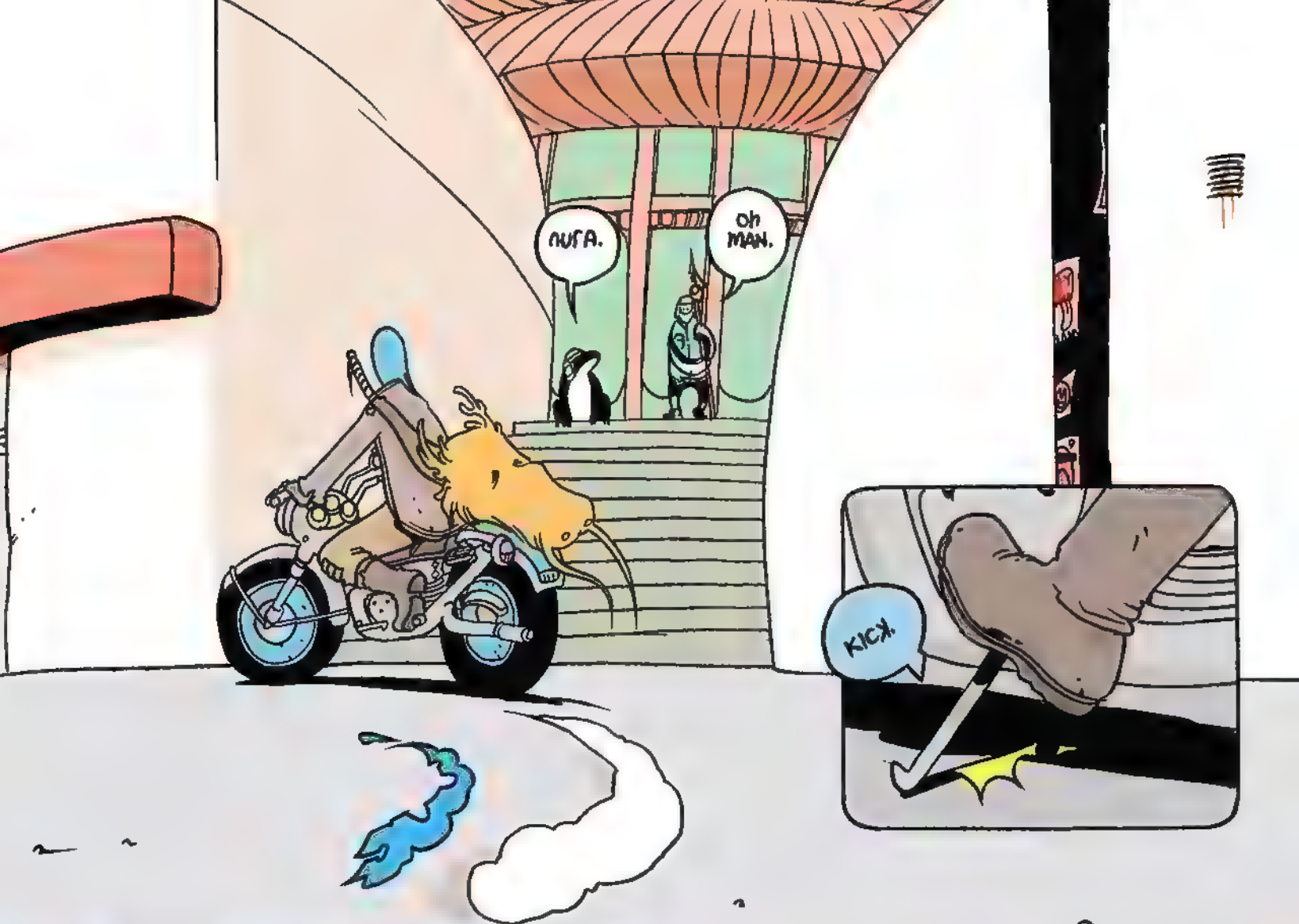
YOU
TRY
THAT THING
YET?
?

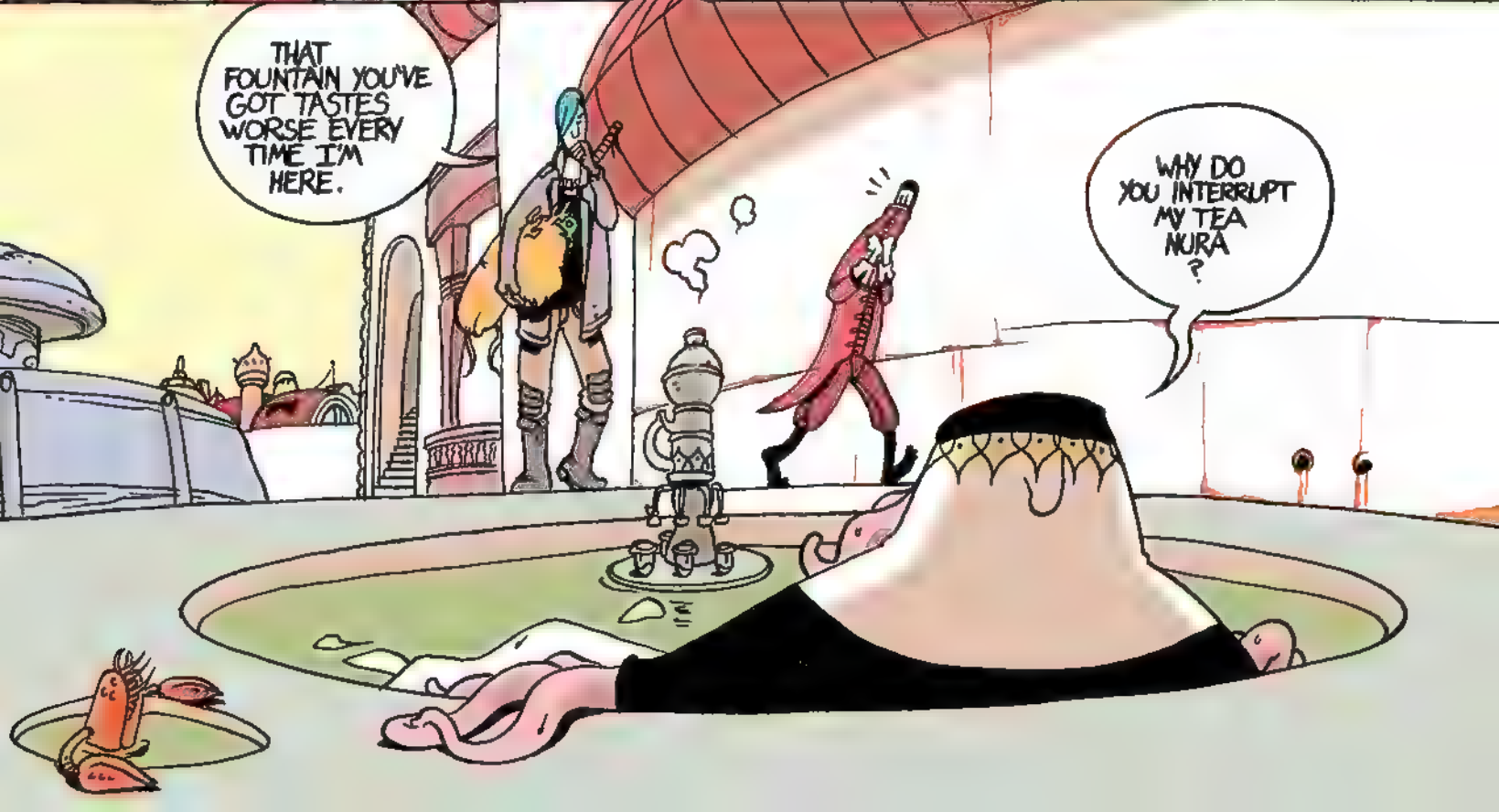
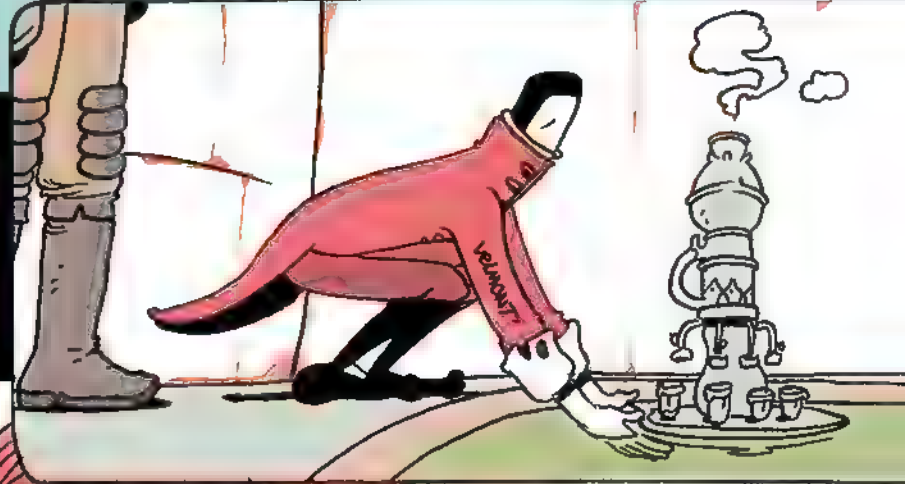
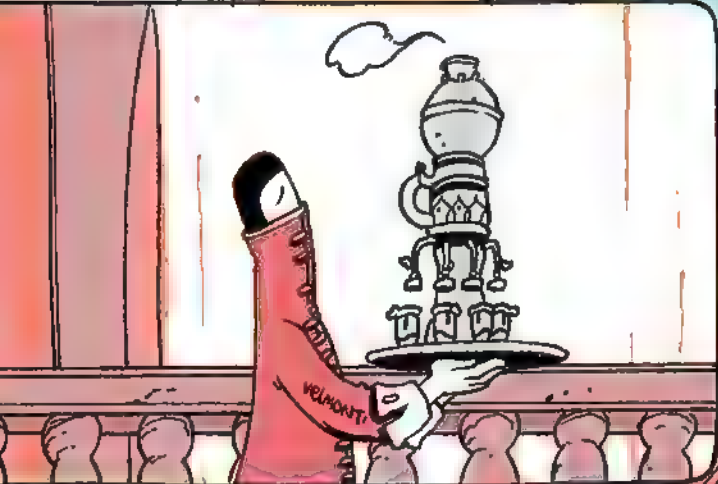
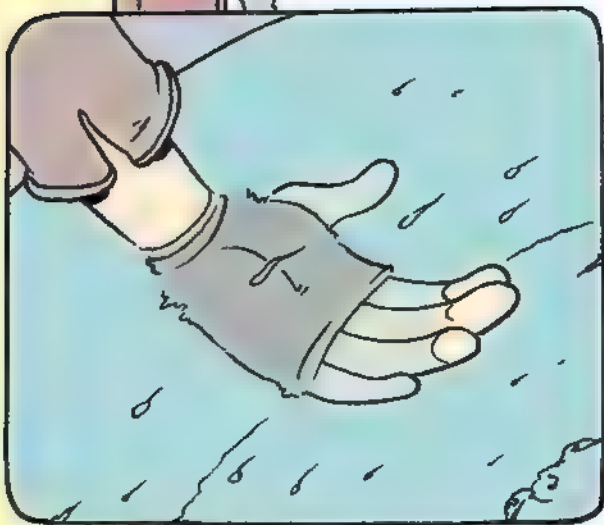
I TOLD
YOU I AM
NOT GOING TO
SIT BACKWARDS
ON THE TOILET
WHEN I TAKE
A SHIT!

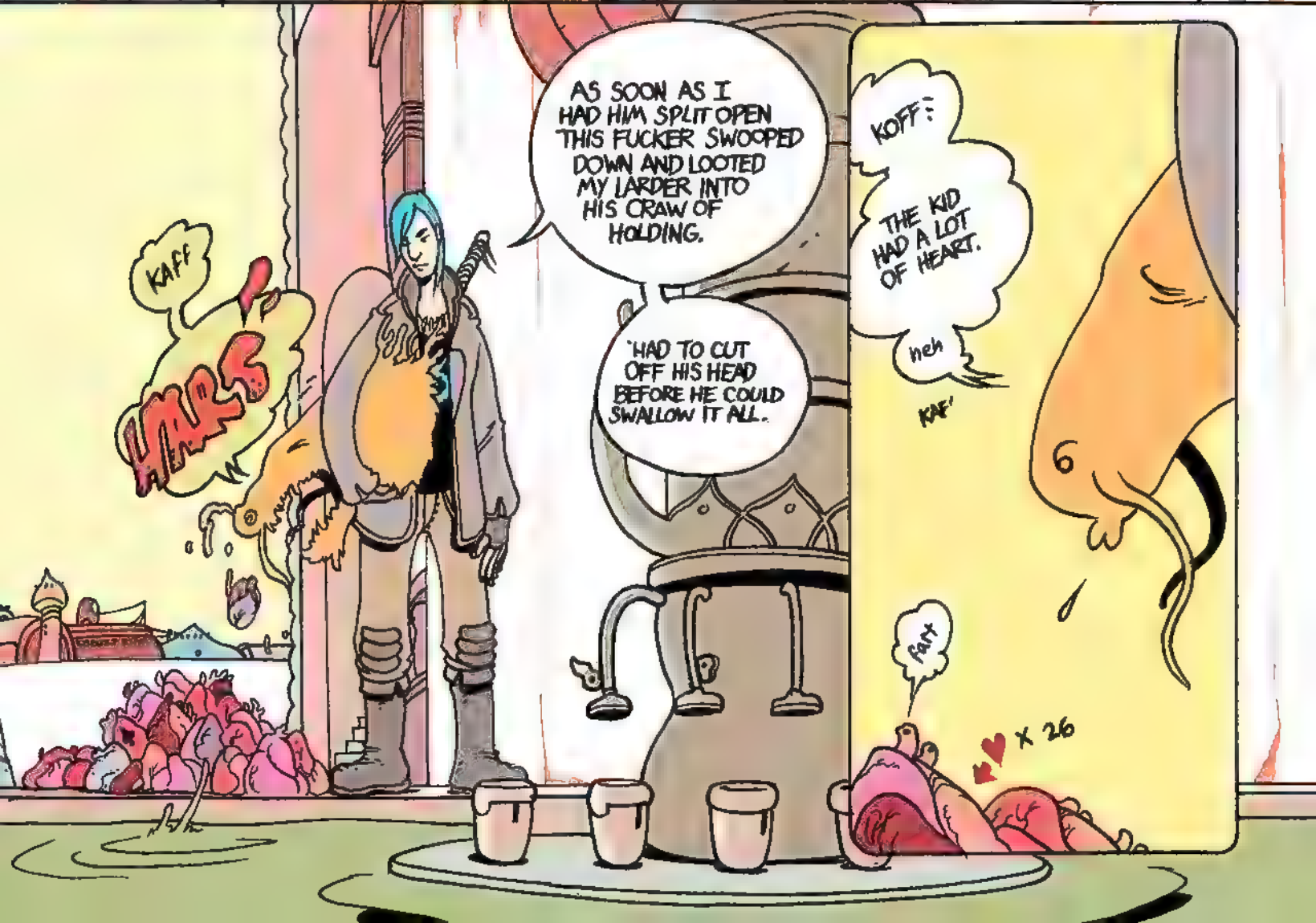
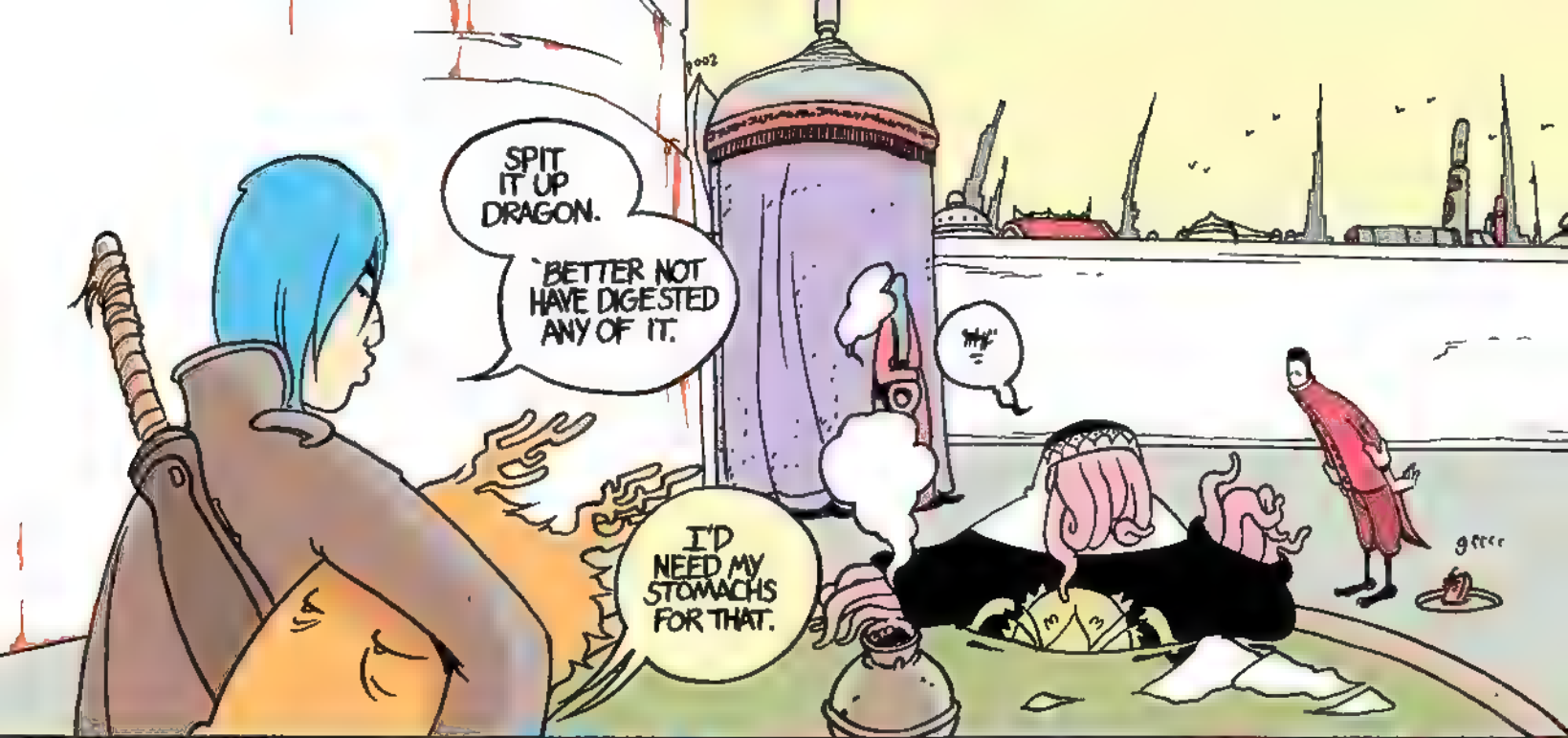
IT'S
GROSS.

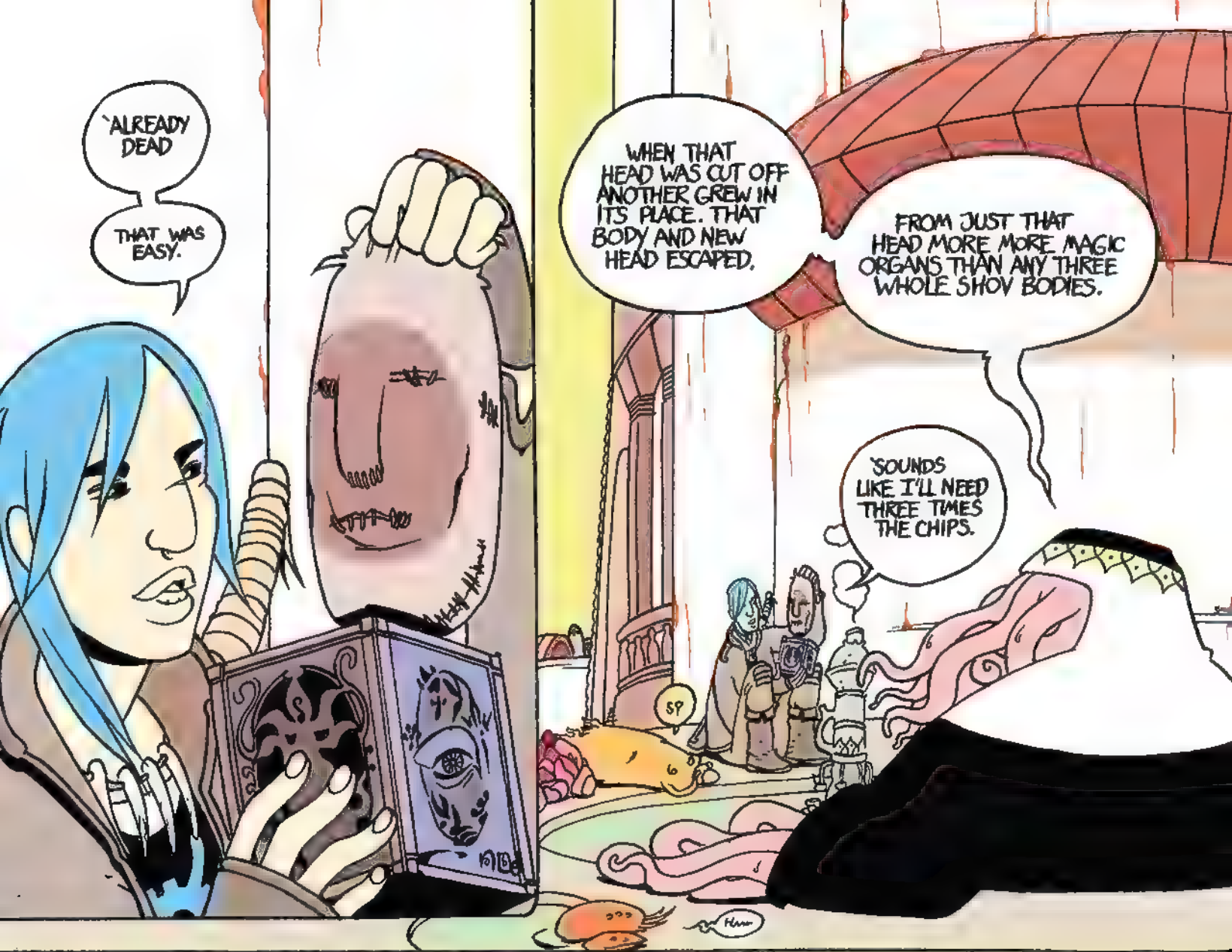
WHO'S
THIS
DRIVING
UP?

'SCARED
TO LIVE LIFE
IN THE FAST
LANE?









'ALREADY DEAD
THAT WAS EASY.

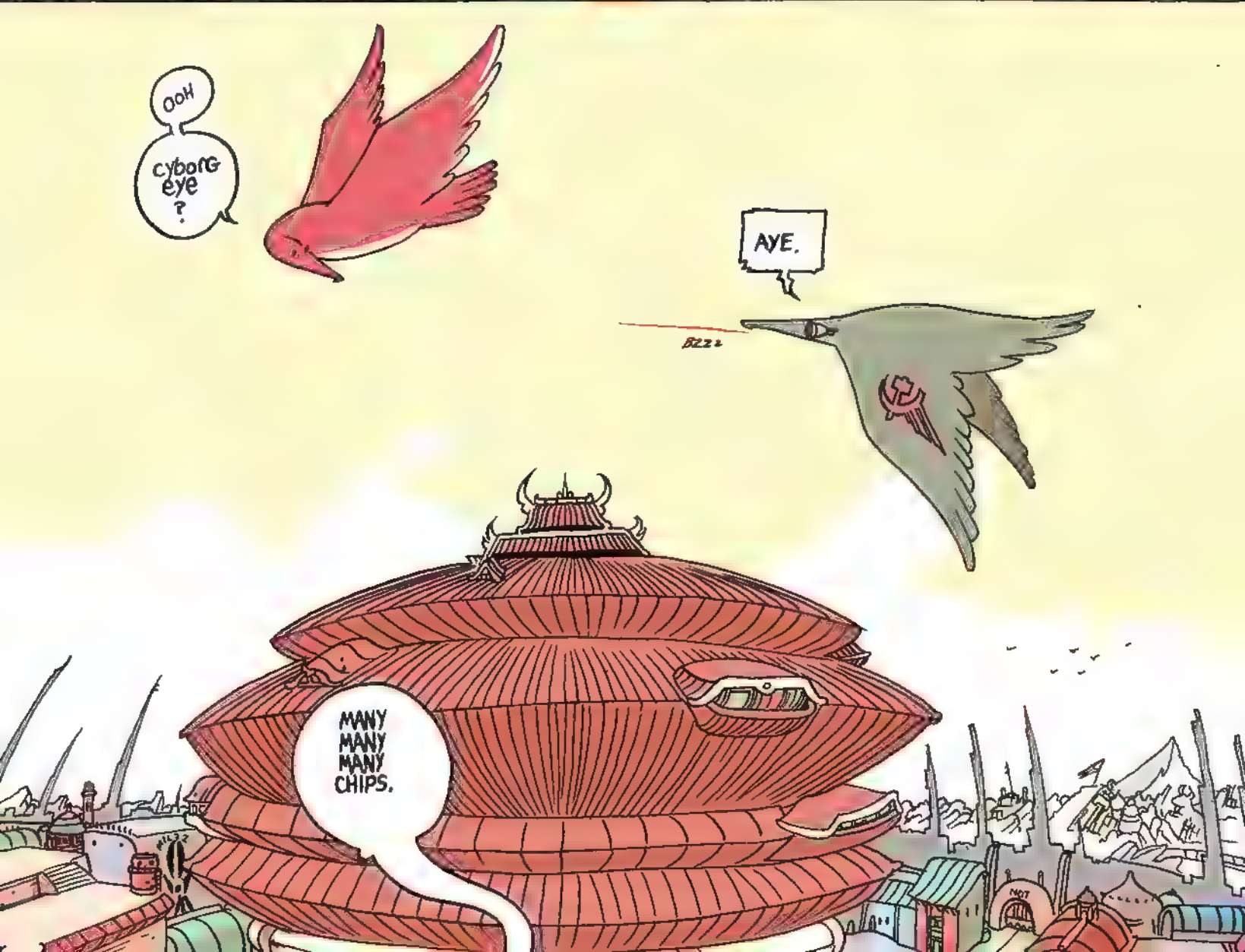
WHEN THAT HEAD WAS CUT OFF ANOTHER GREW IN ITS PLACE. THAT BODY AND NEW HEAD ESCAPED.

FROM JUST THAT HEAD MORE MORE MAGIC ORGANS THAN ANY THREE WHOLE SHOV BODIES.

'SOUNDS LIKE I'LL NEED THREE TIMES THE CHIPS.

SP

Hum

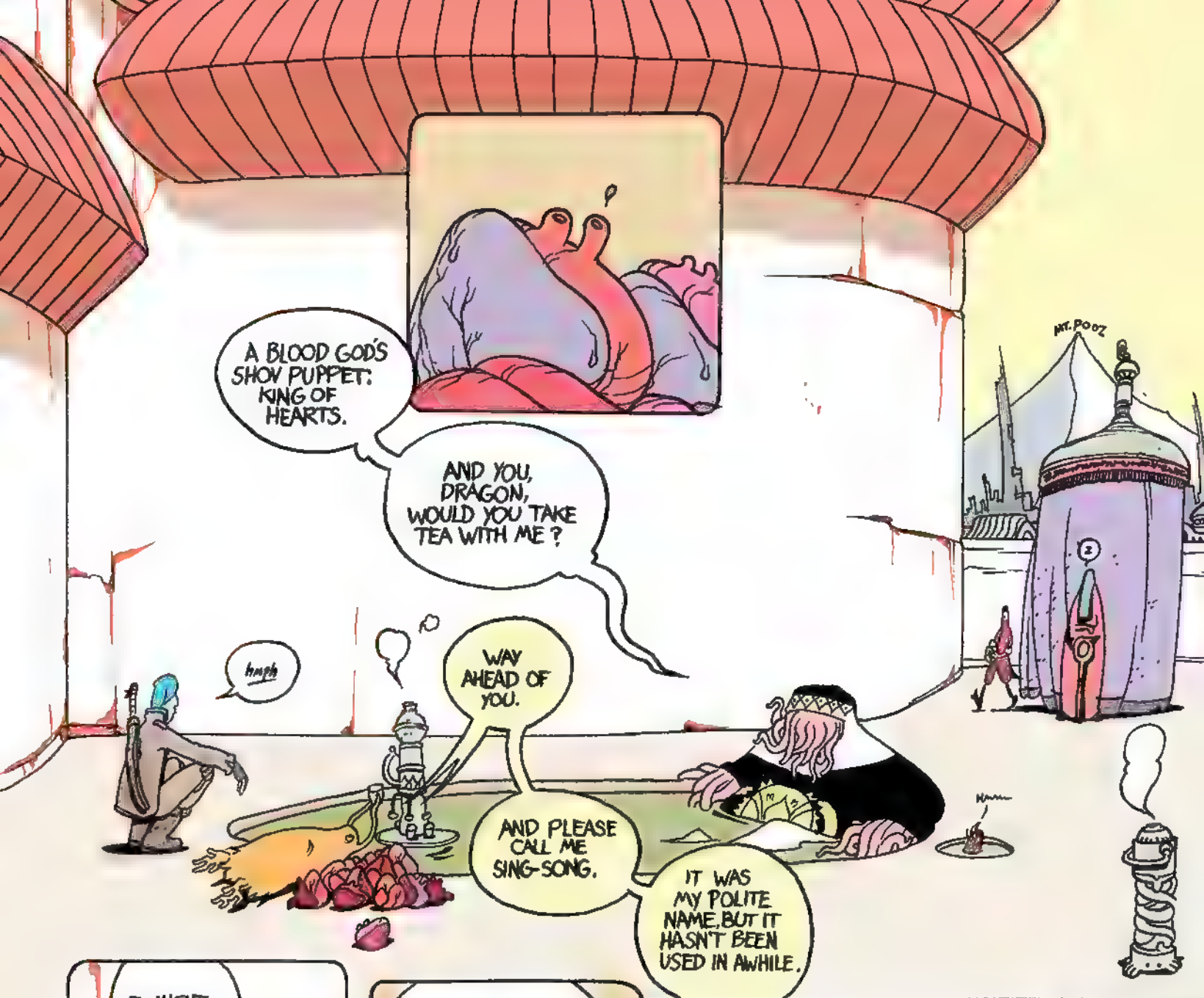


OOH
cyborg eye?

AYE.

BZZZ

MANY MANY MANY CHIPS.



A BLOOD GOD'S
SHOW PUPPET.
KING OF
HEARTS.

AND YOU,
DRAGON,
WOULD YOU TAKE
TEA WITH ME?

hmph

WAY
AHEAD OF
YOU.

AND PLEASE
CALL ME
SING-SONG.

IT WAS
MY POLITE
NAME, BUT IT
HASN'T BEEN
USED IN AWHILE.



I MIGHT
WANT
TEA
...

YOU
GET A
JOB.



AND YOU
SING-SONG,
YOU WILL BE MY
GUEST HERE UNTIL
YOUR BODY
FINDS YOU.

I HAVE FOUND
IMMORTALS TO BE
BETTER FRIENDS
THAN ENEMIES.

SUCK
UP.



IT'S GOOD
TO MEET A
CIVILIZED BEAST
AFTER RIDING
WITH THIS
UNLADYLIKE
CREATURE.

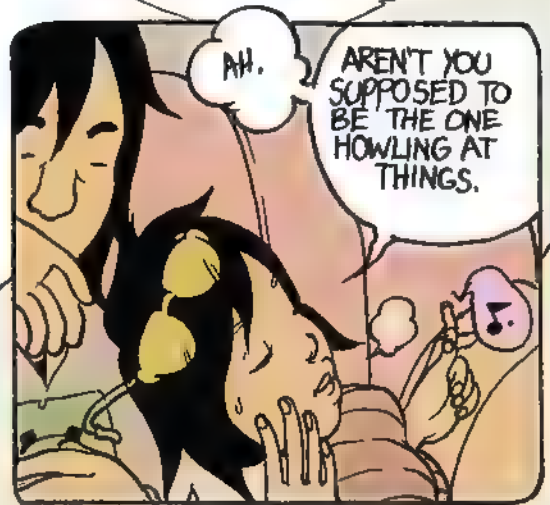
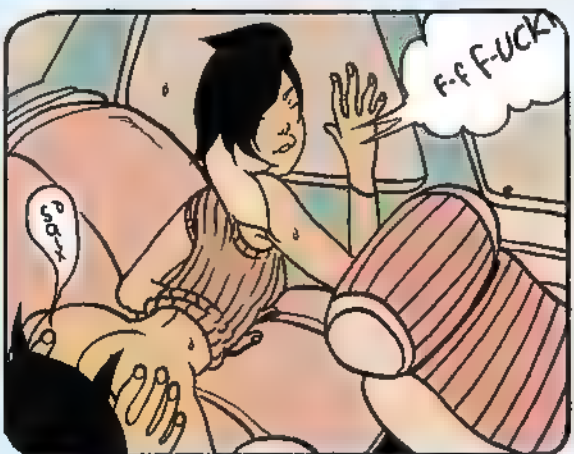
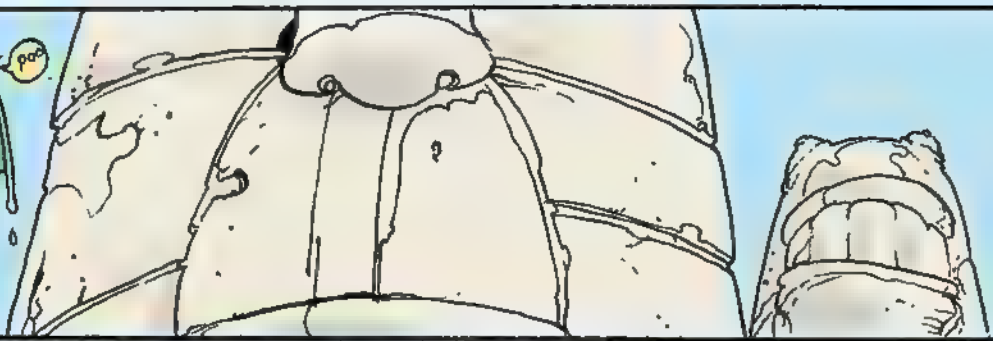
I LIKE
UNLADY-
LIKE.

A
BOX?

A
JOB.

SIP

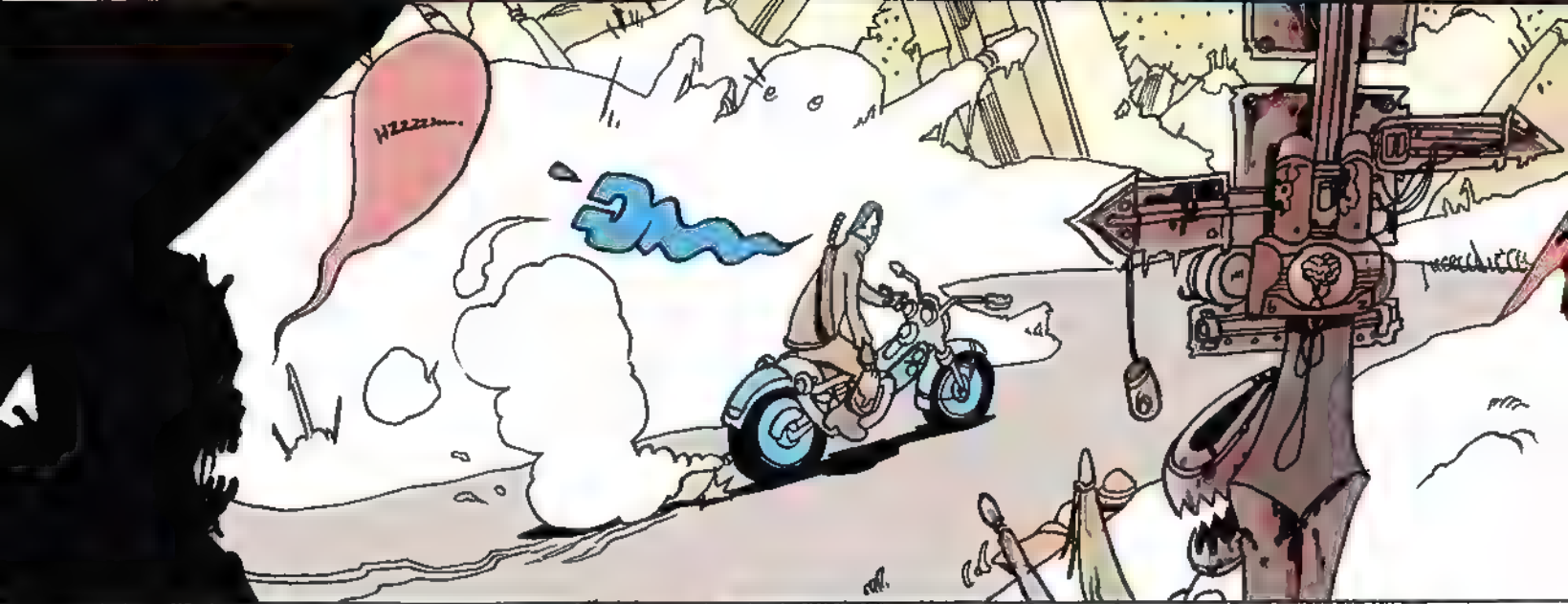
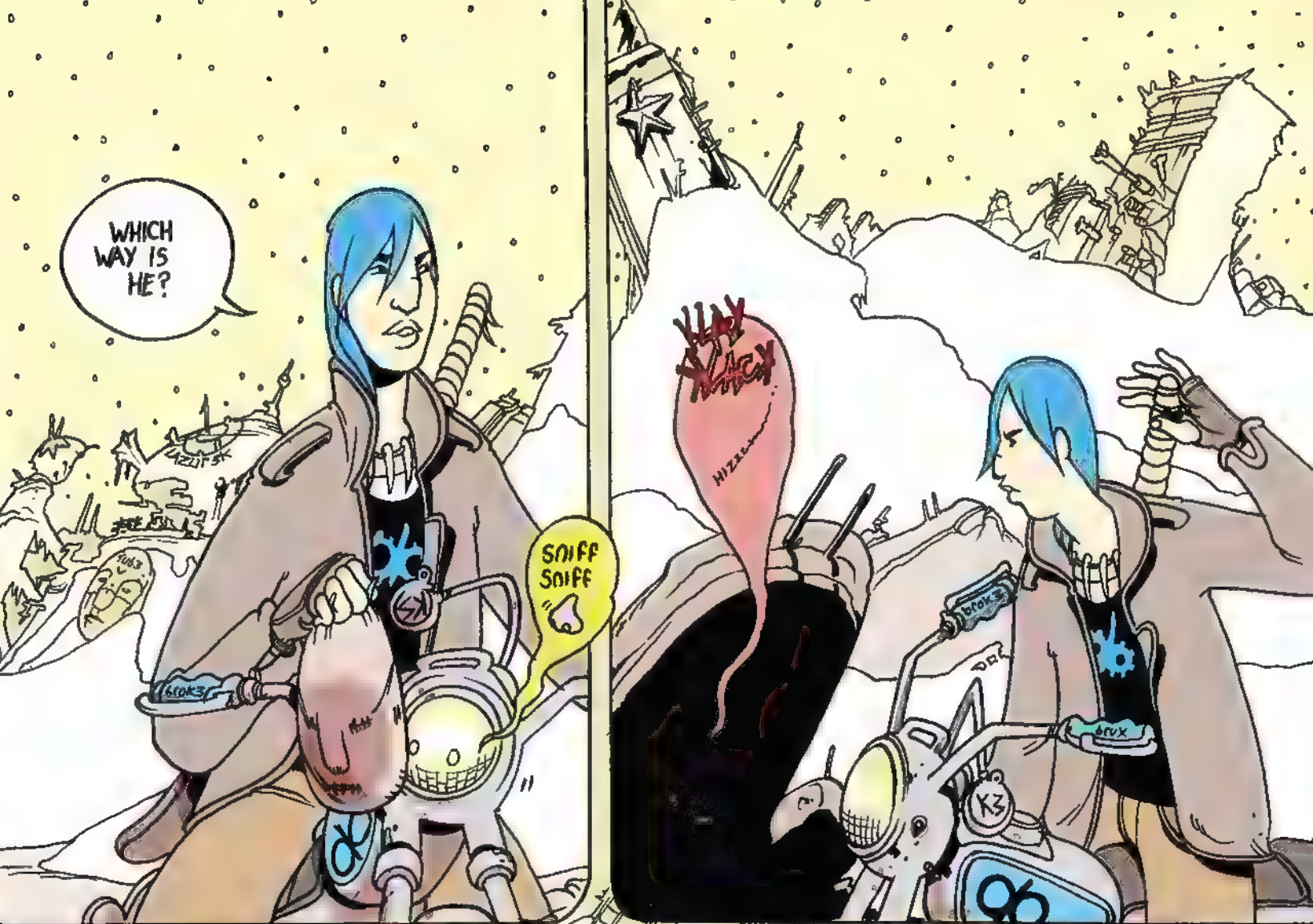
CHAPTER C
**MORE
HEARD**
C SECTION CUT:

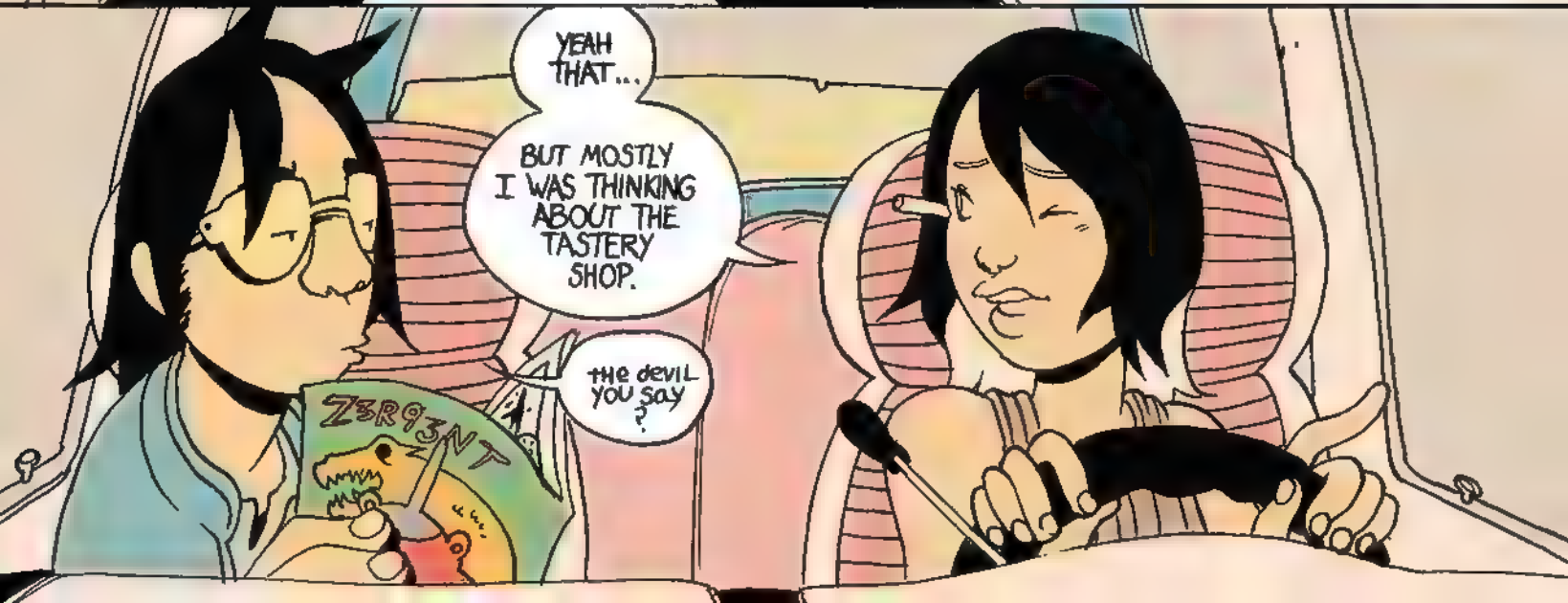
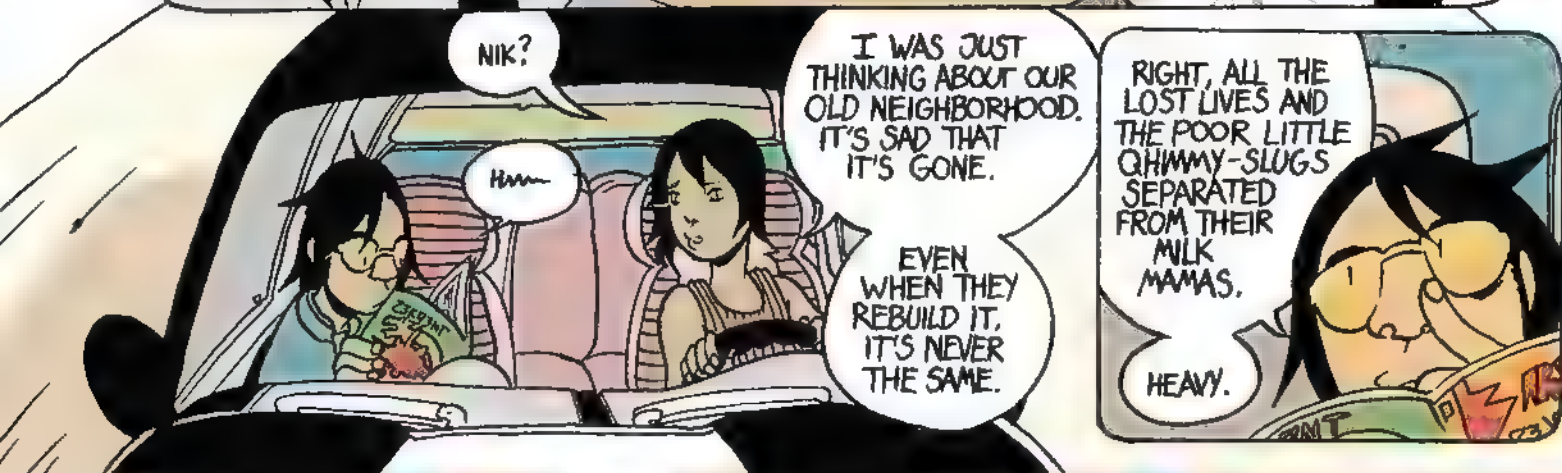
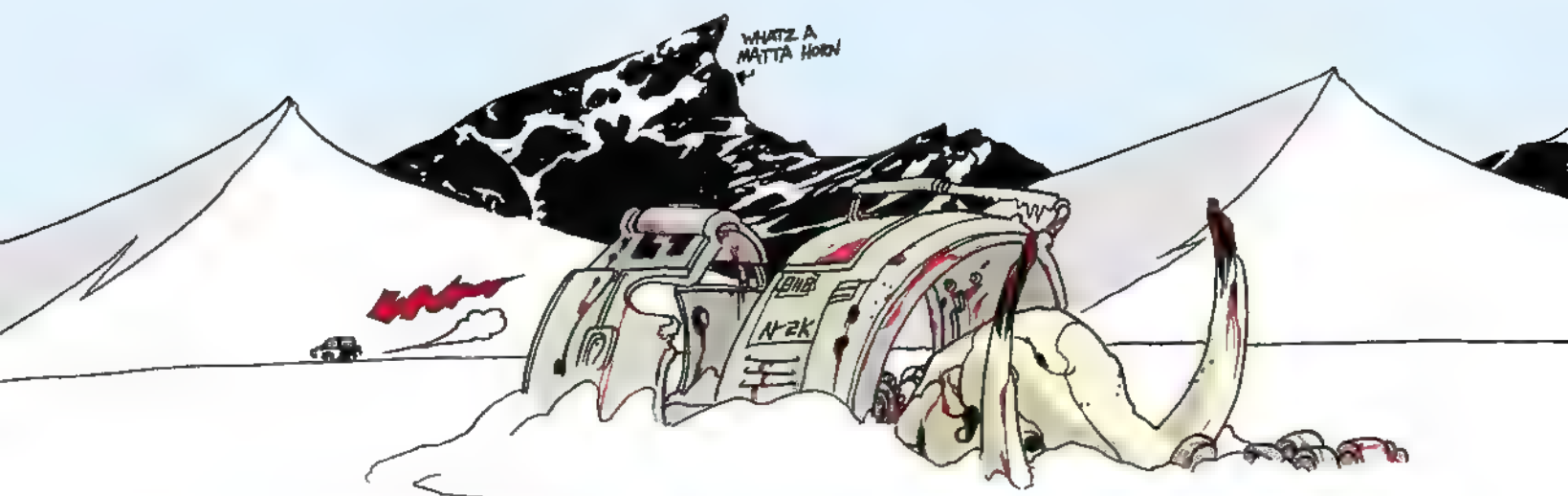


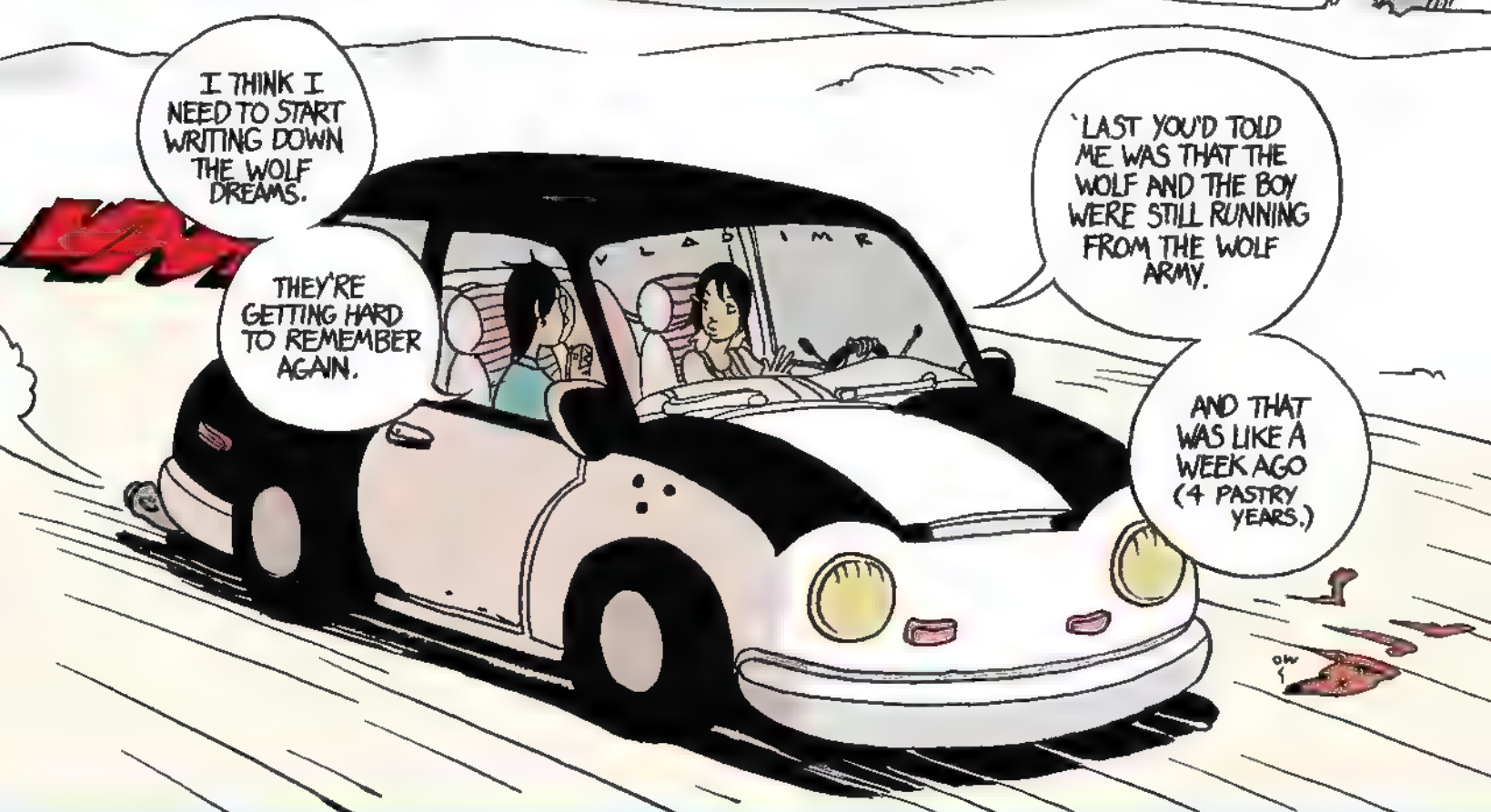
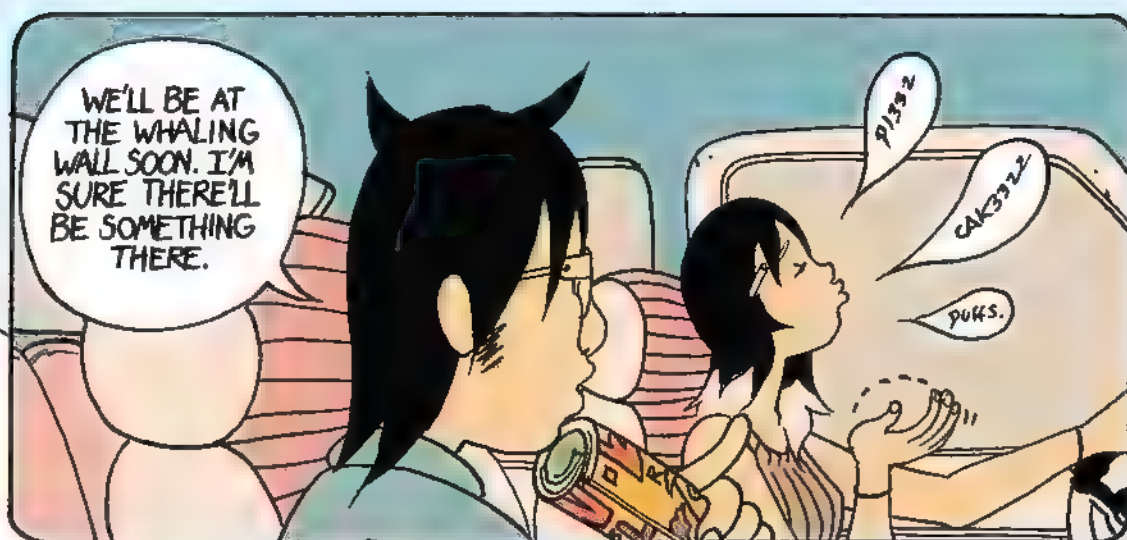


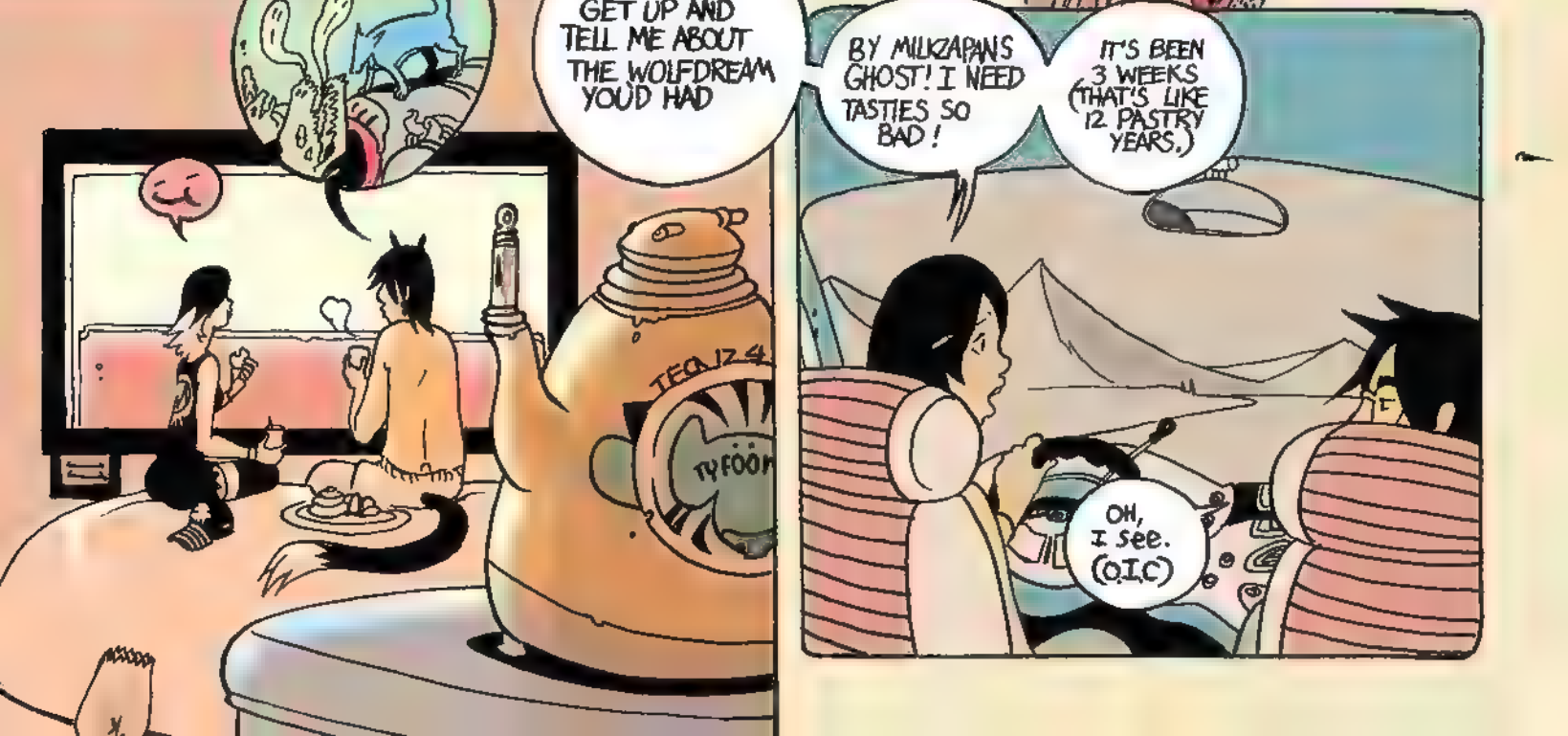
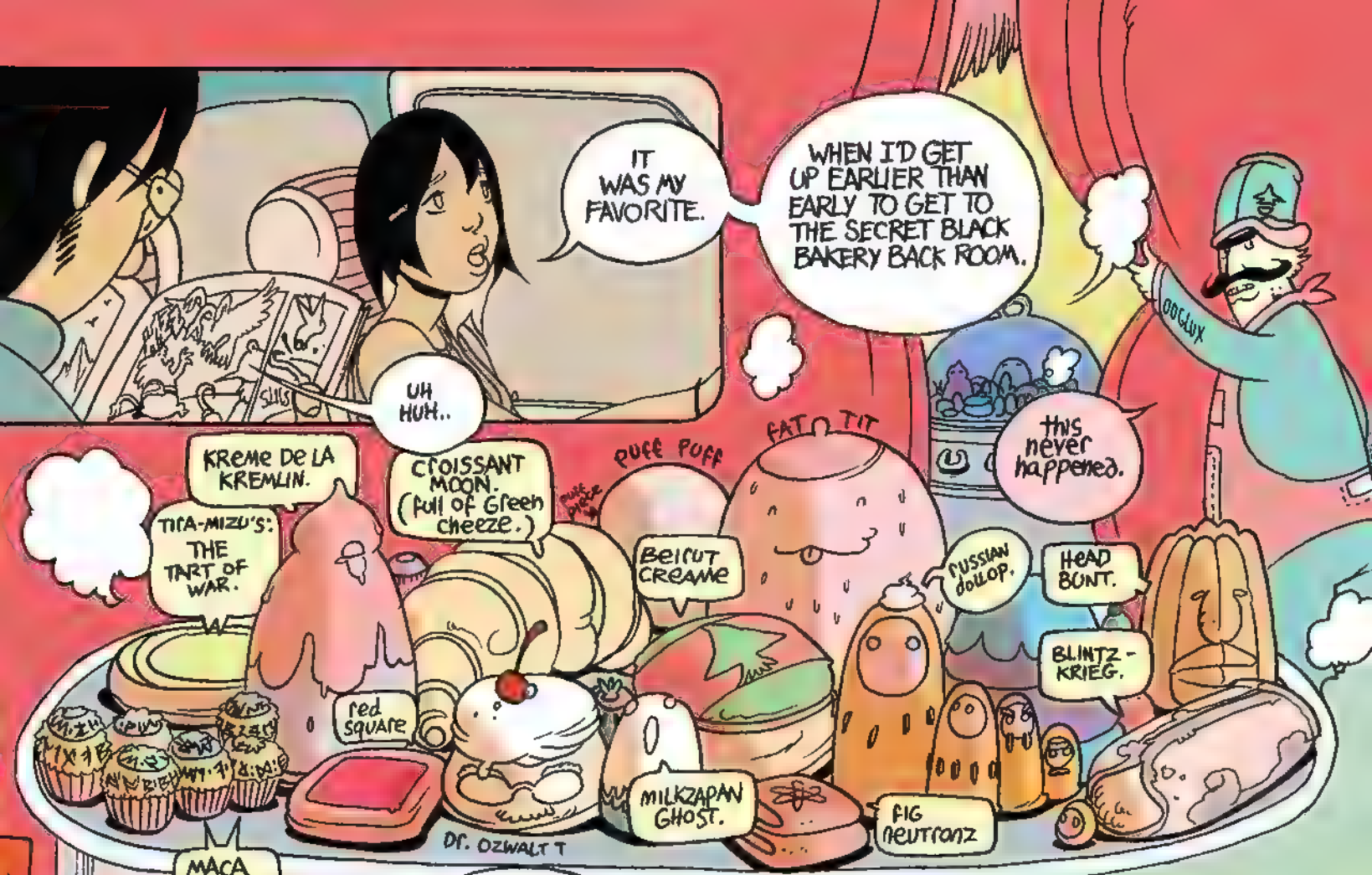
CHAPTER D

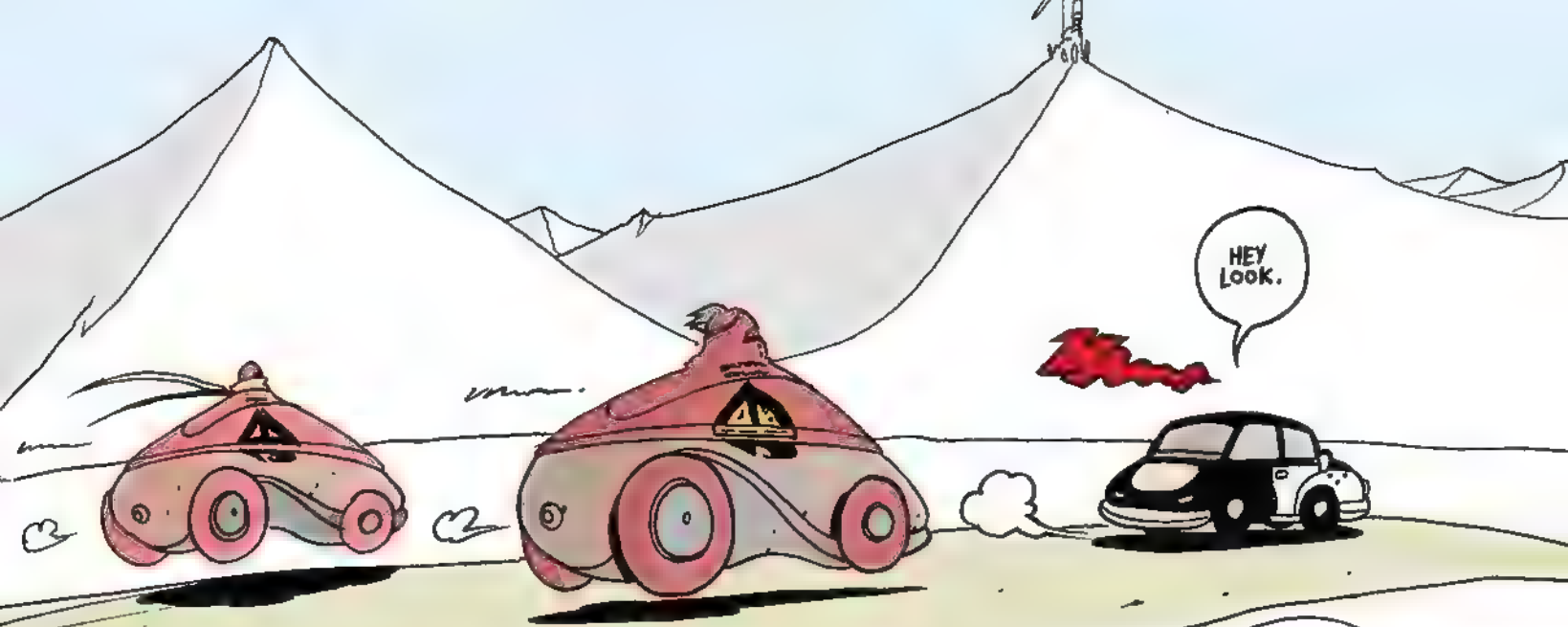




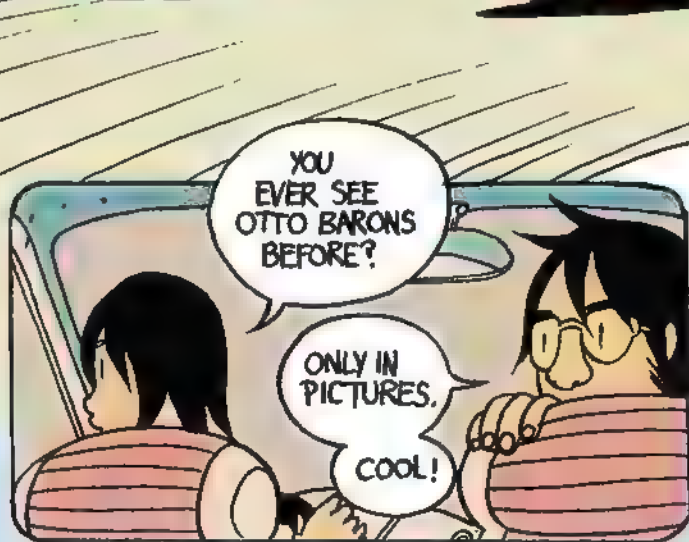








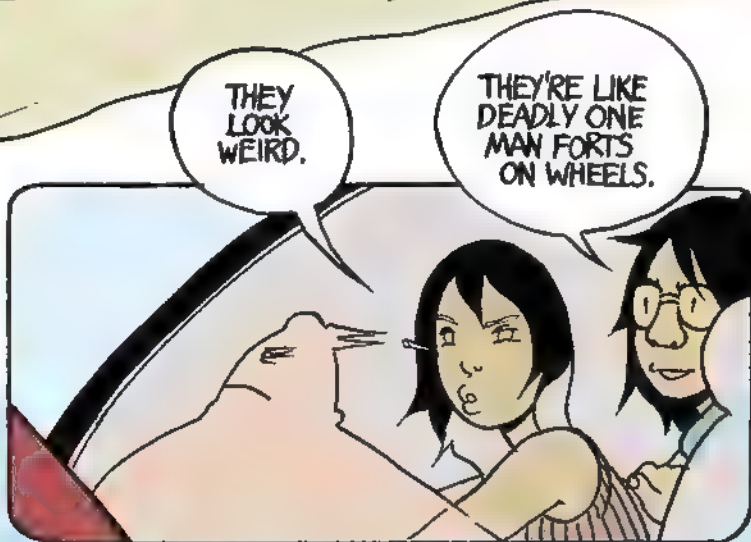
HEY
LOOK.



YOU
EVER SEE
OTTO BARONS
BEFORE?

ONLY IN
PICTURES.

COOL!



THEY
LOOK
WEIRD.

THEY'RE LIKE
DEADLY ONE
MAN FORTS
ON WHEELS.



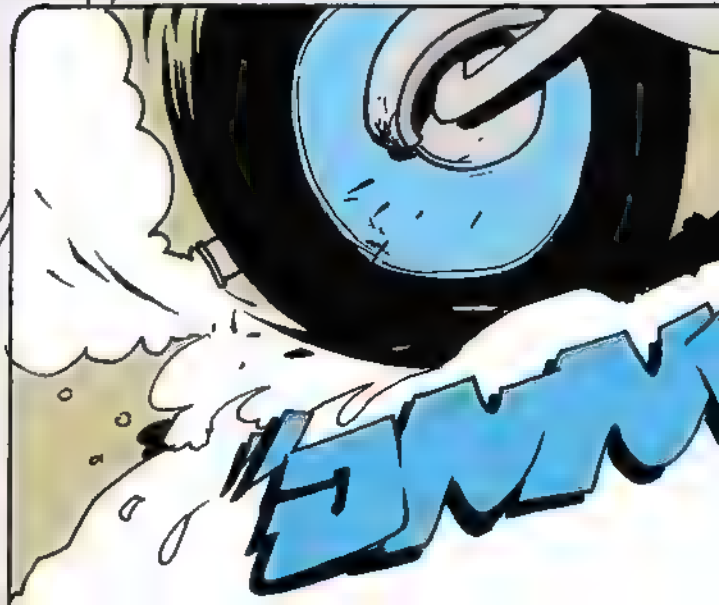
BARON
TEETH

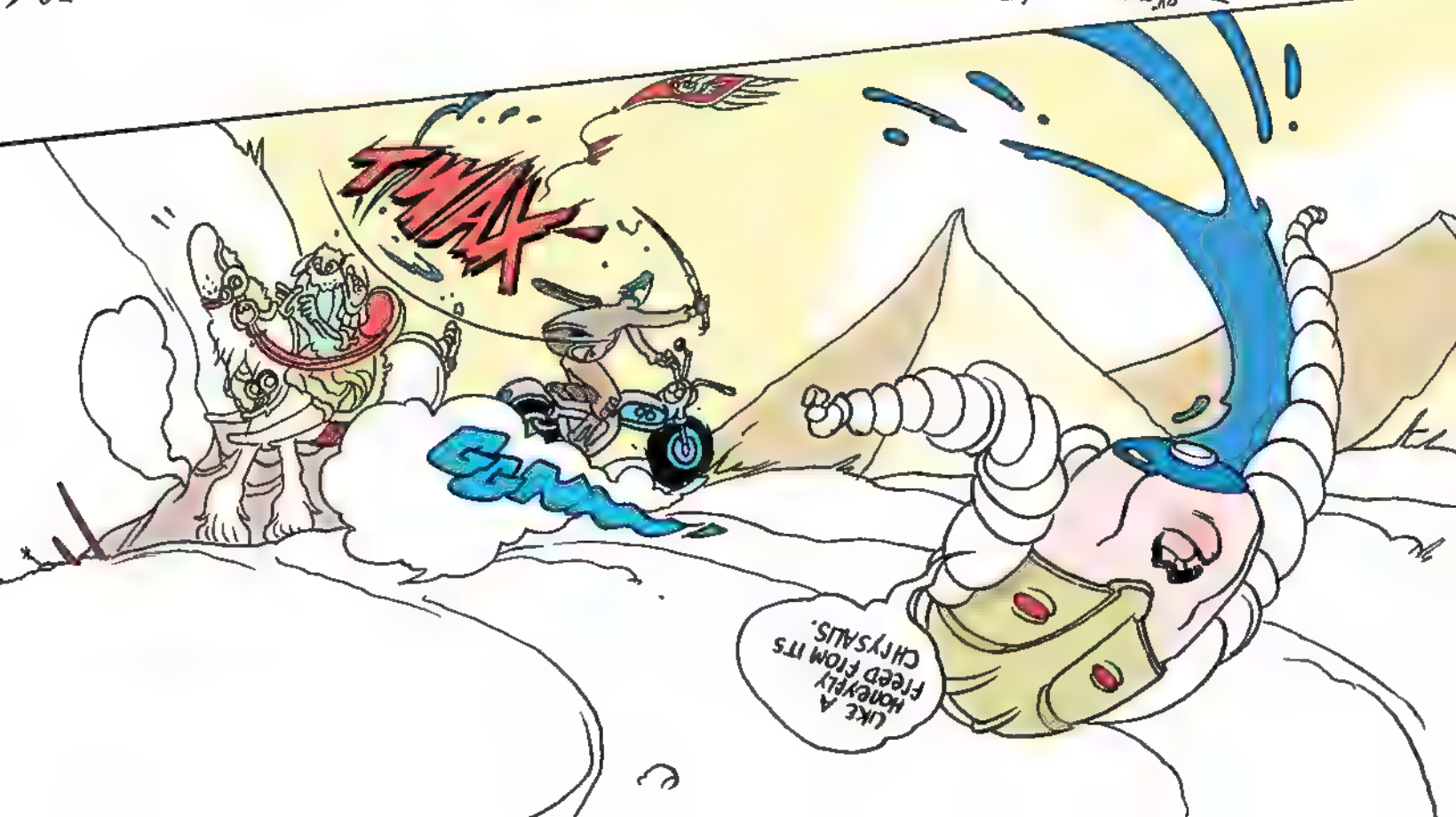
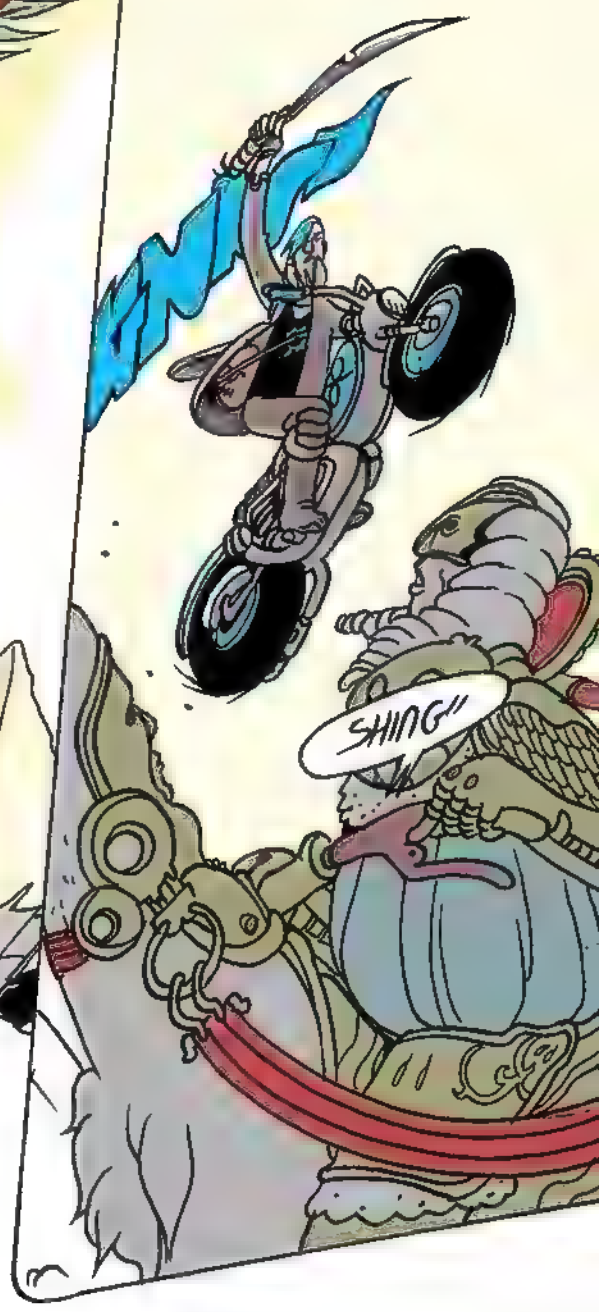
BARON
BOW

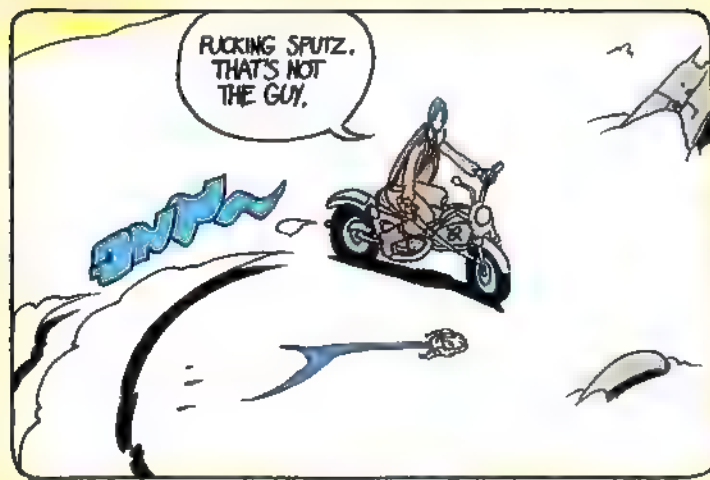


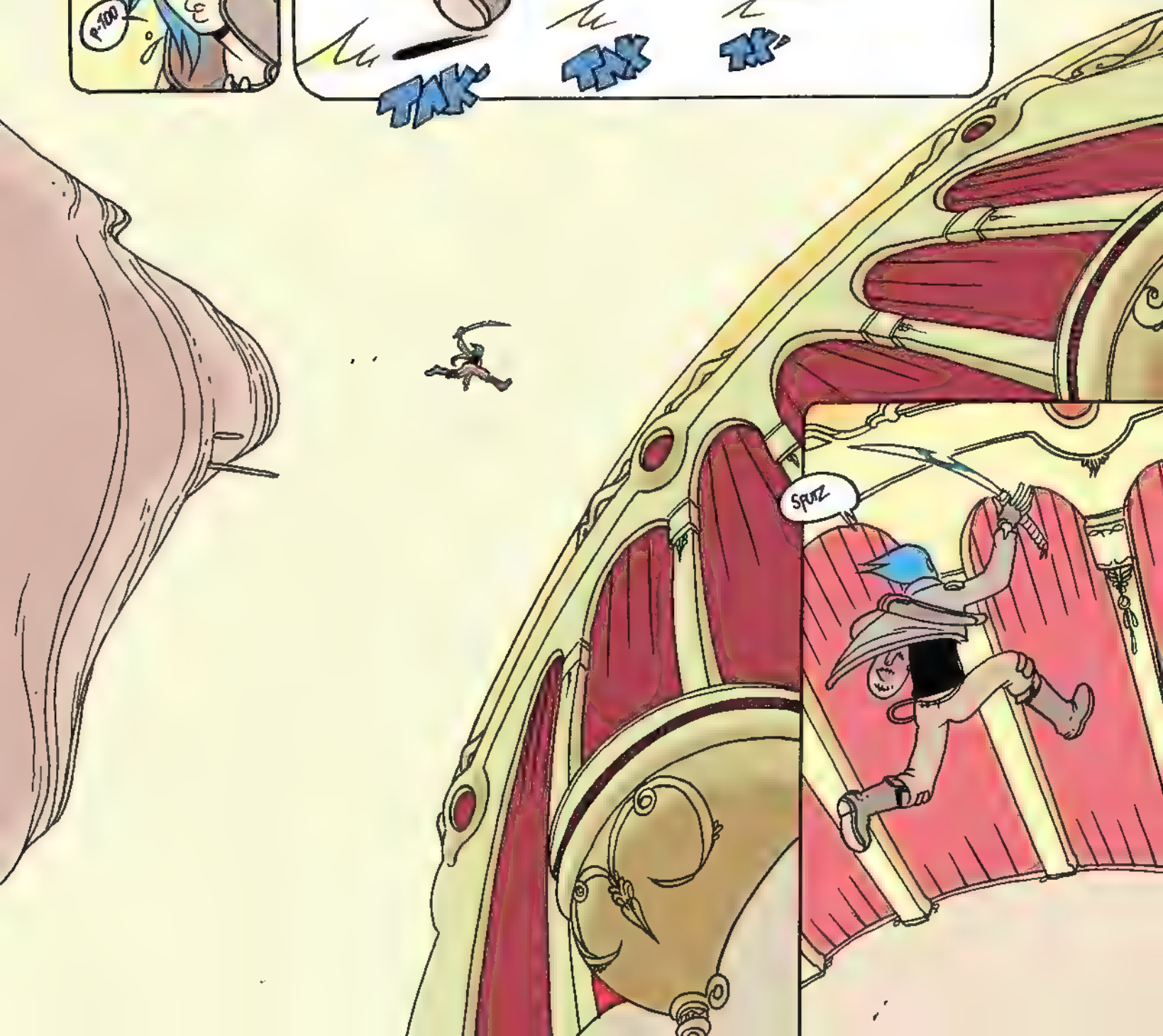
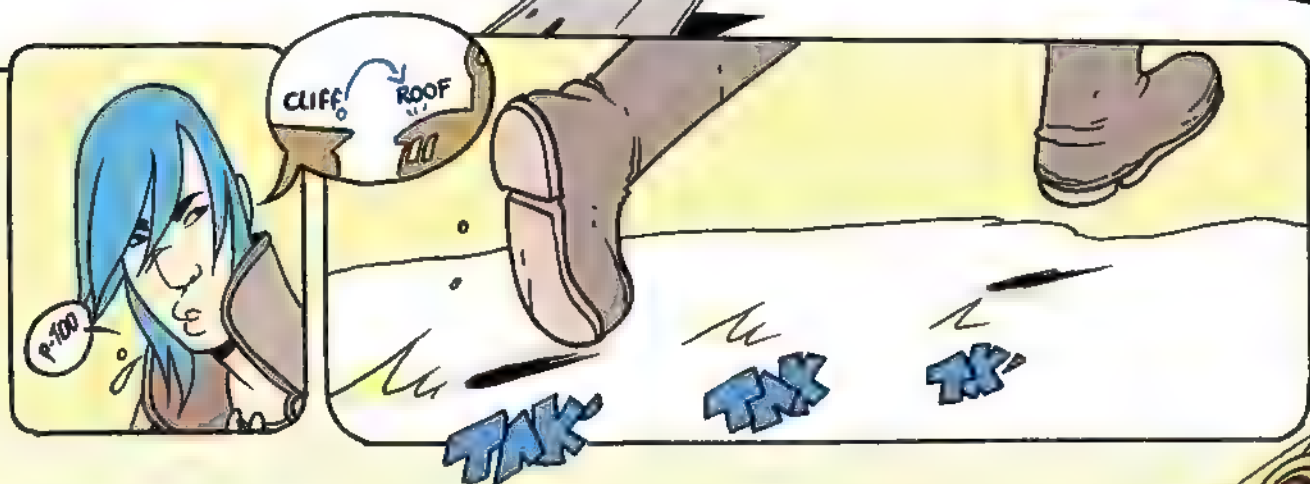
IT
PROBABLY
SMELLS LIKE
FORTS IN
THOSE
THINGS.

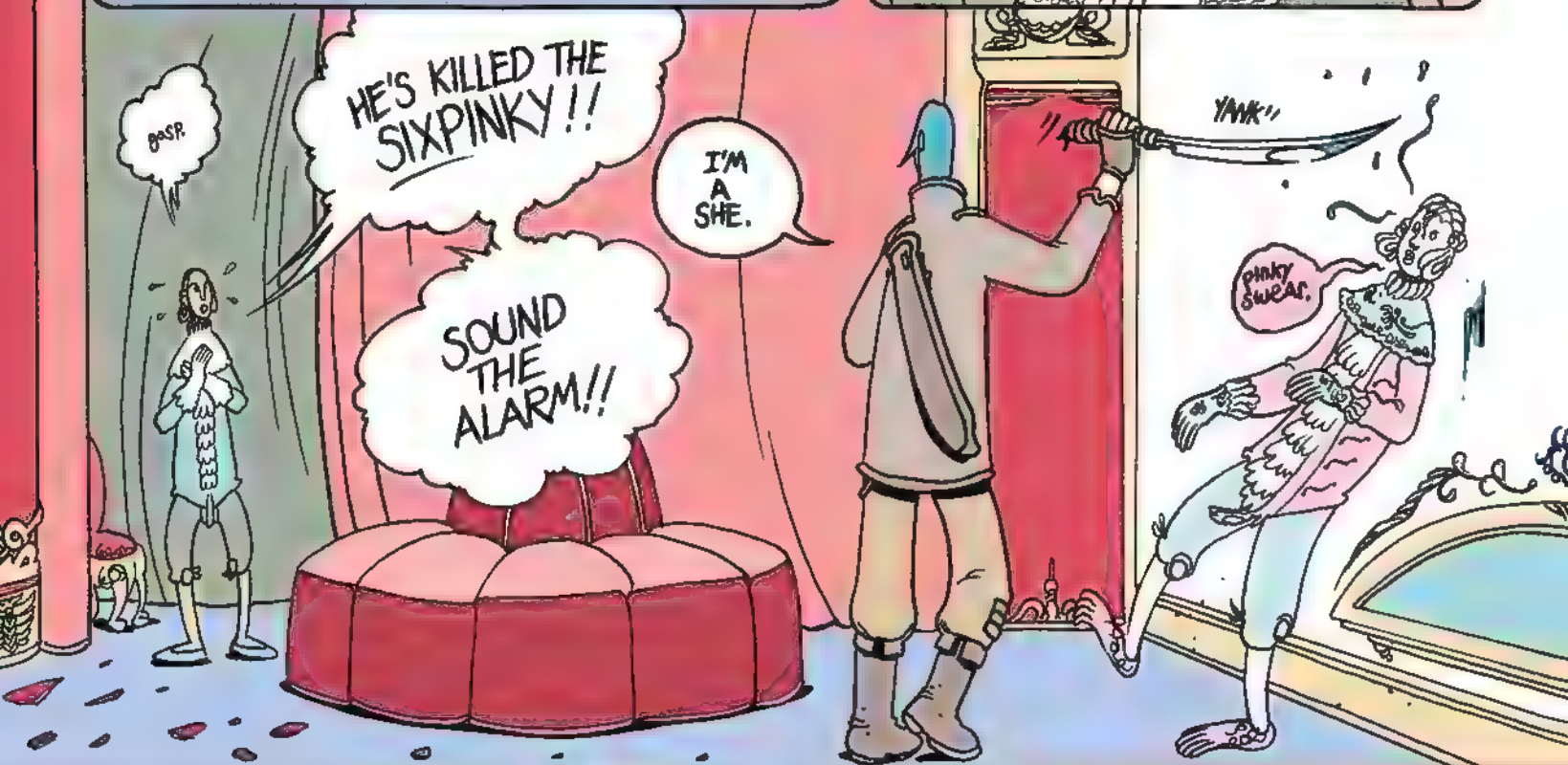
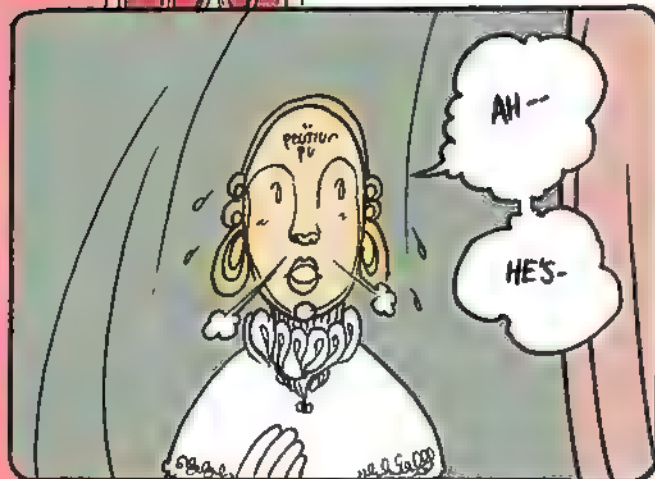
SILENT
BUT DEADLY.

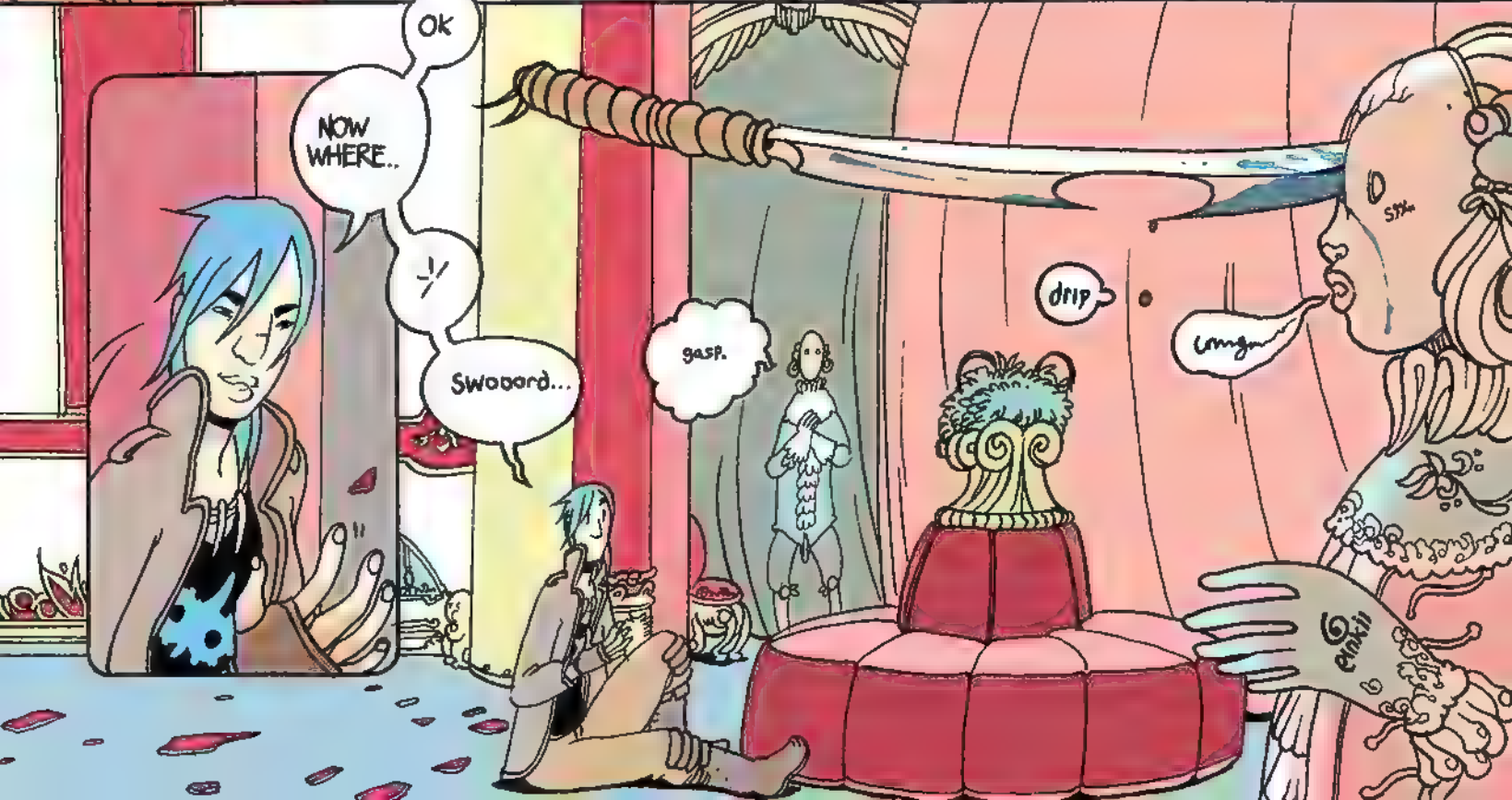
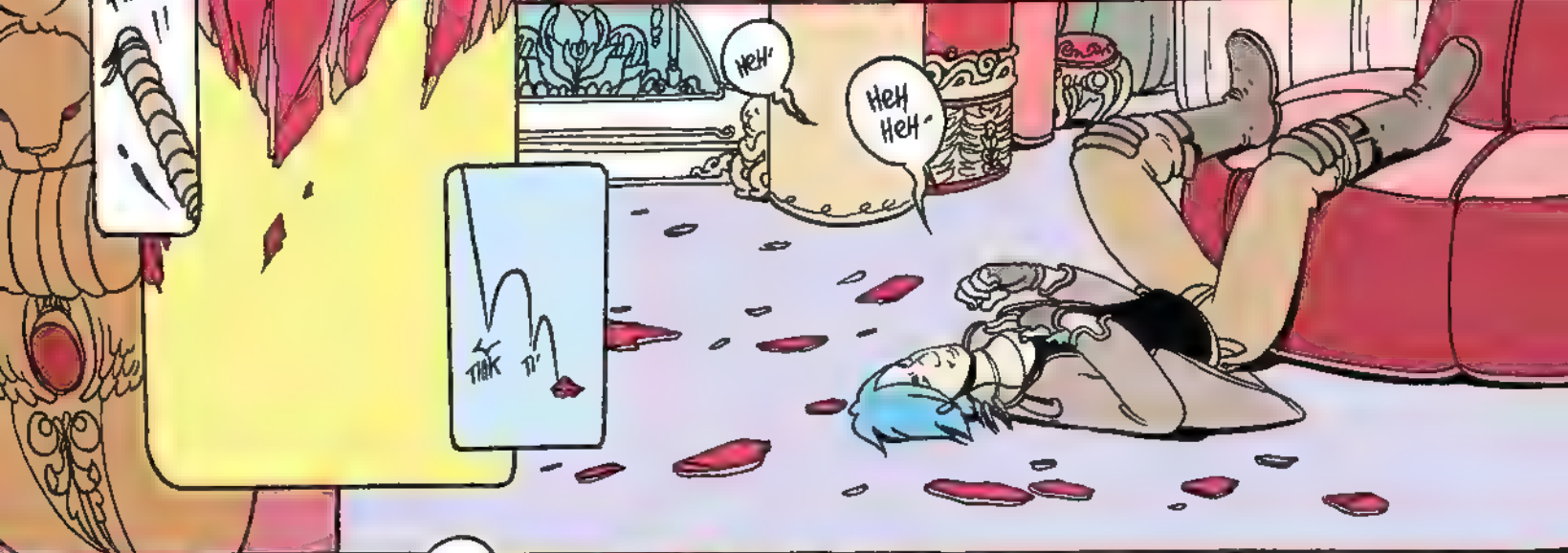
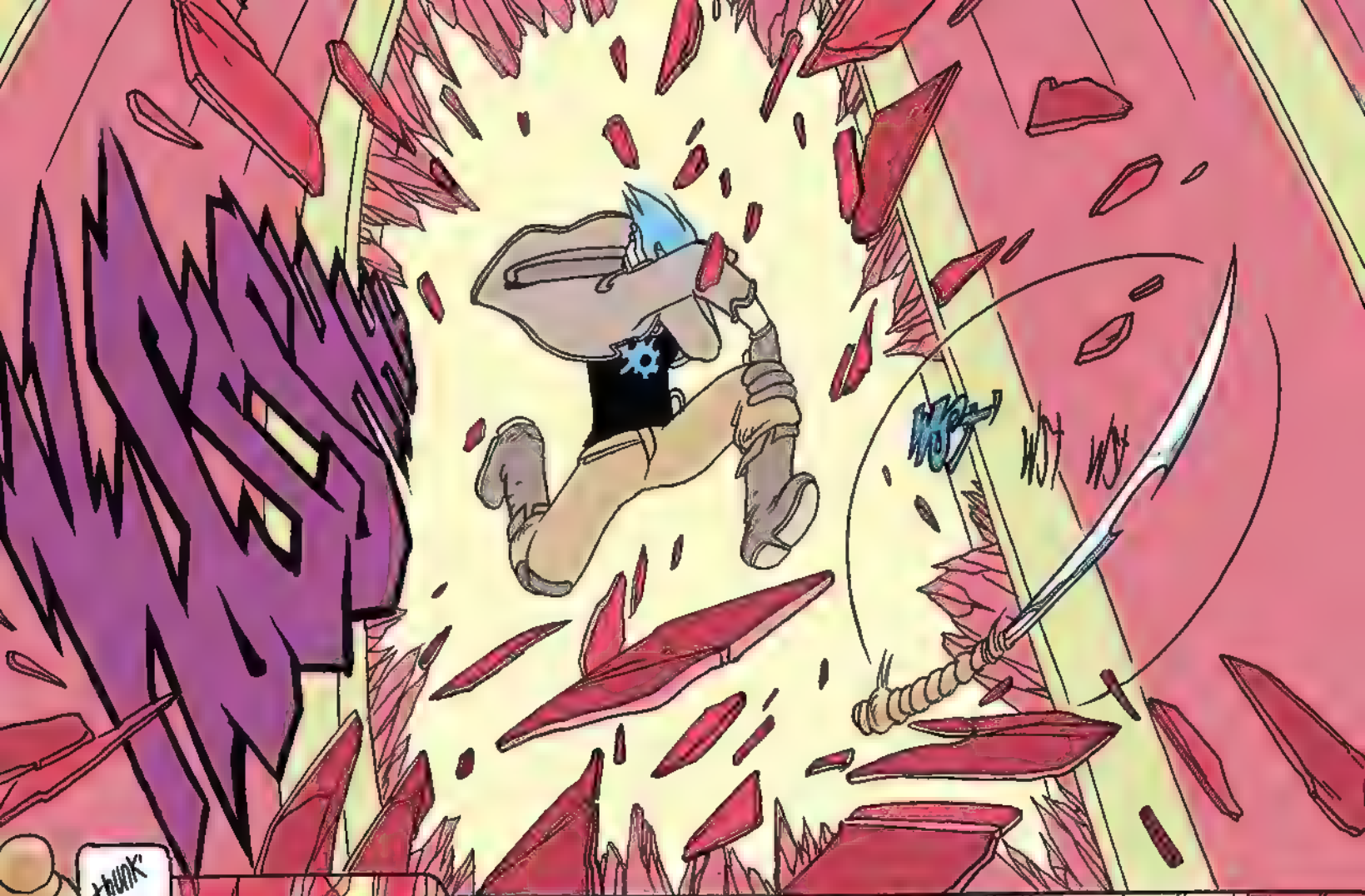


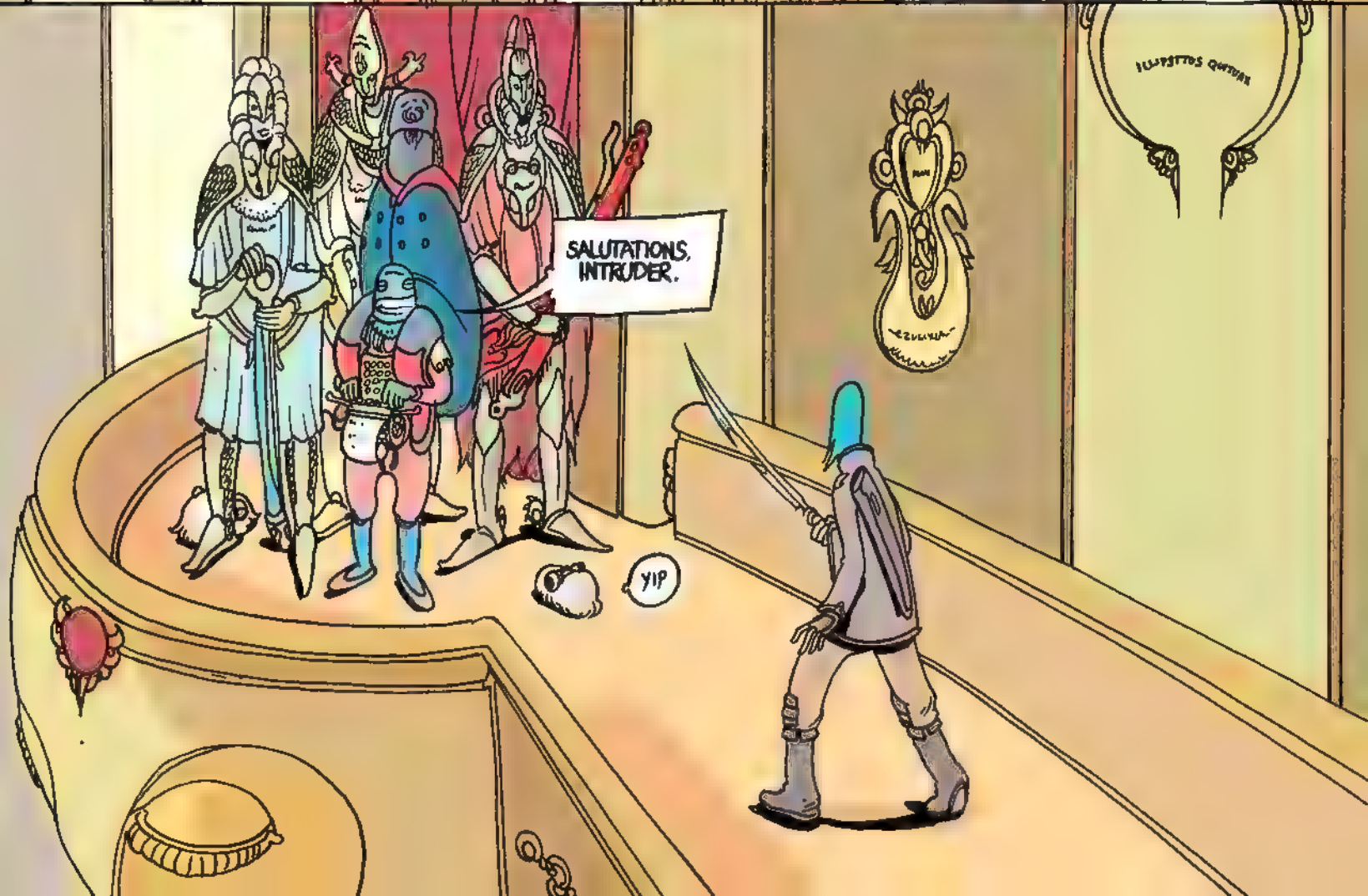
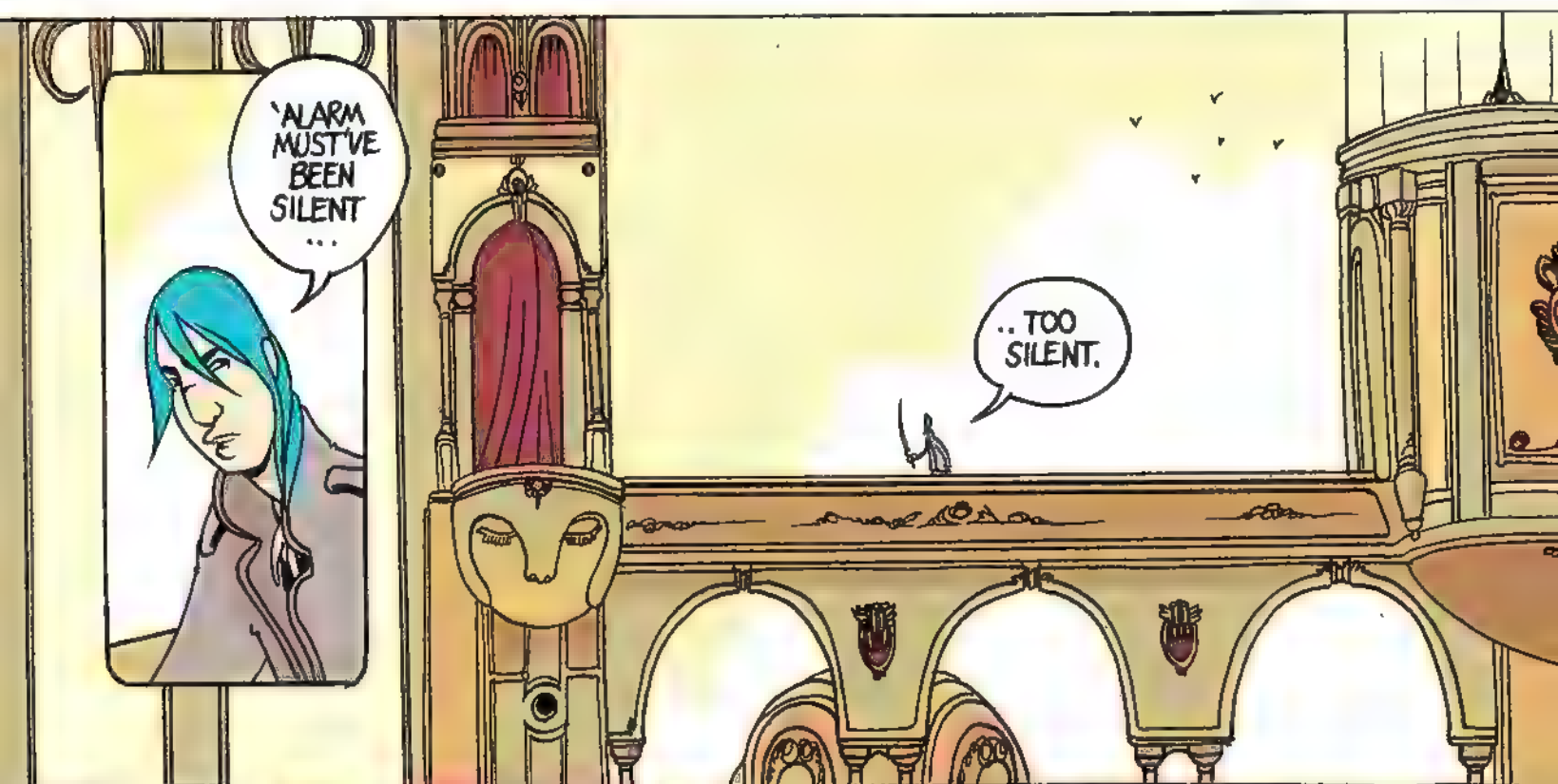
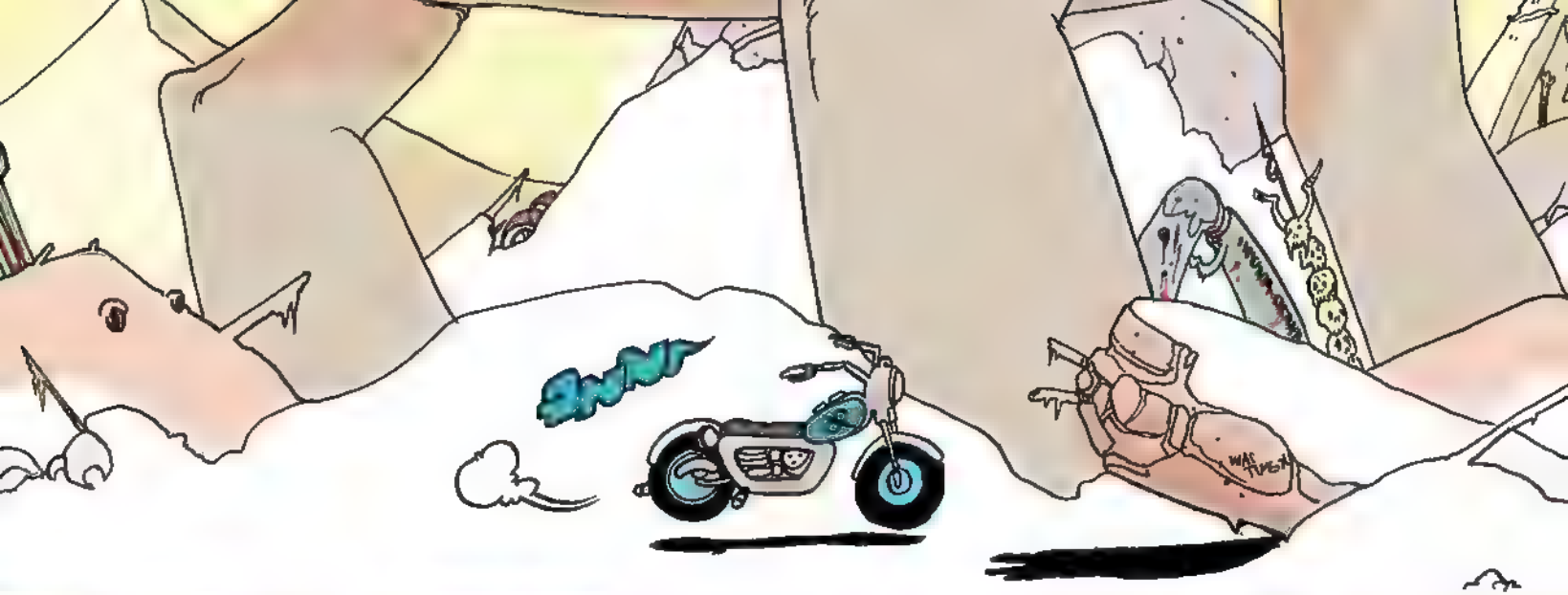


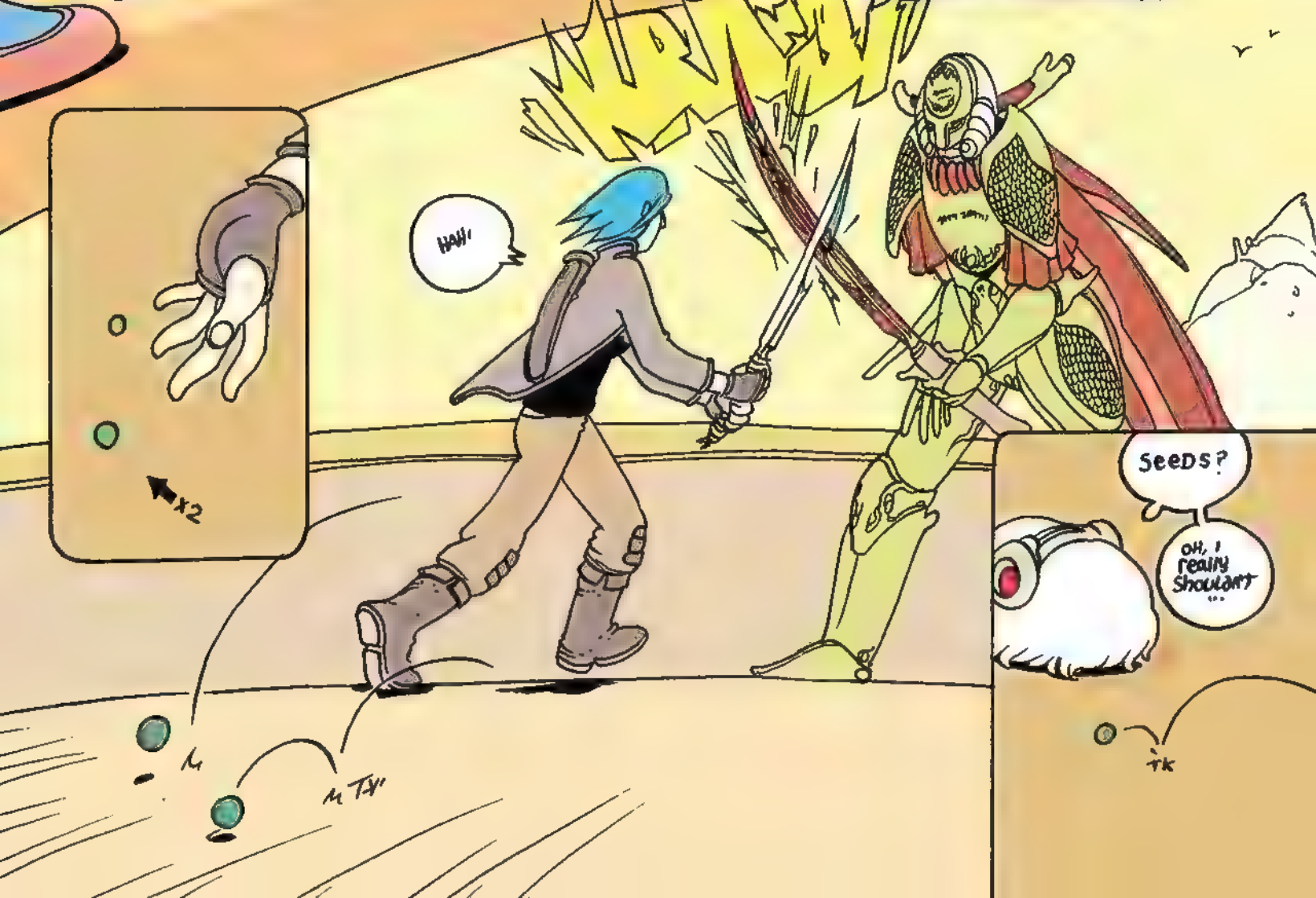
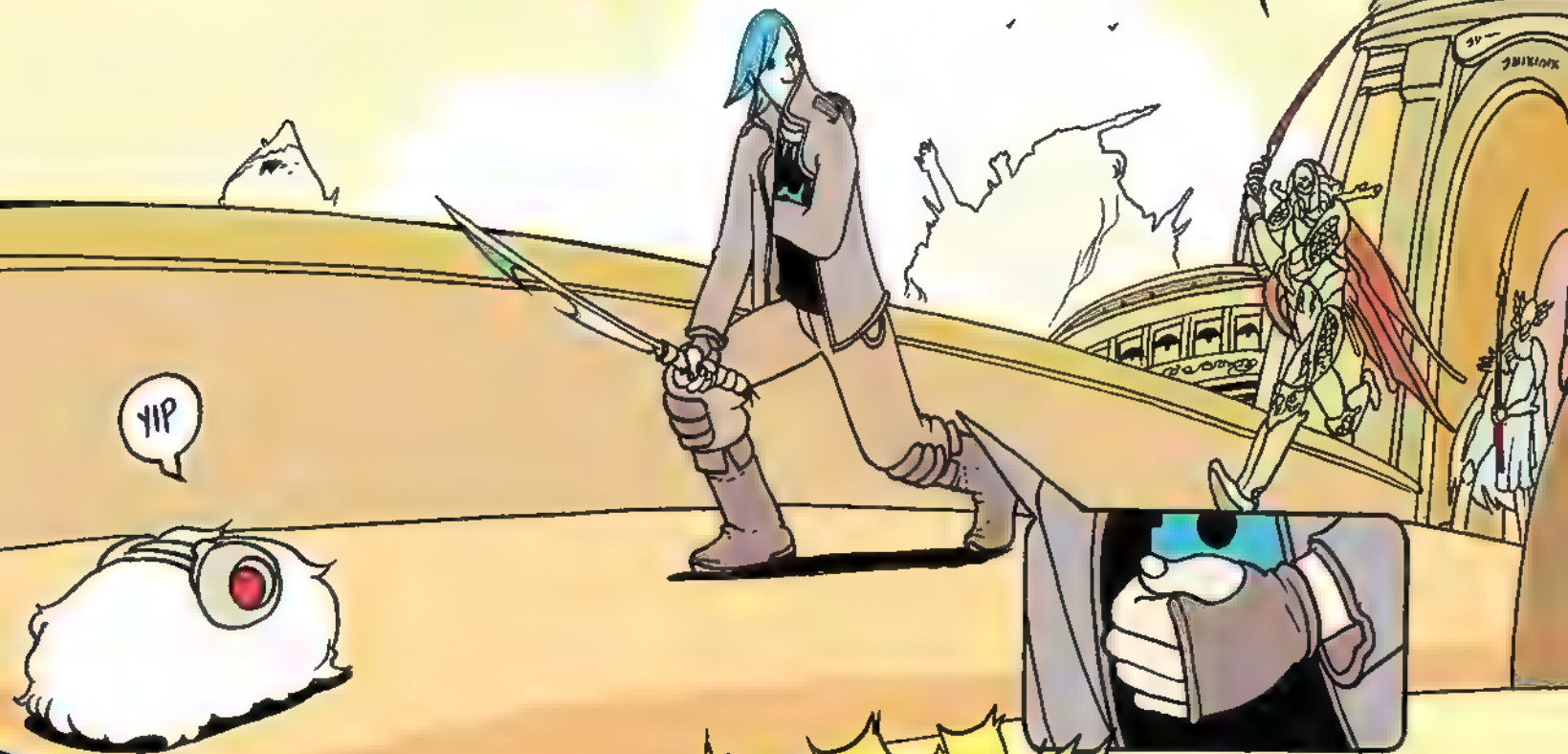
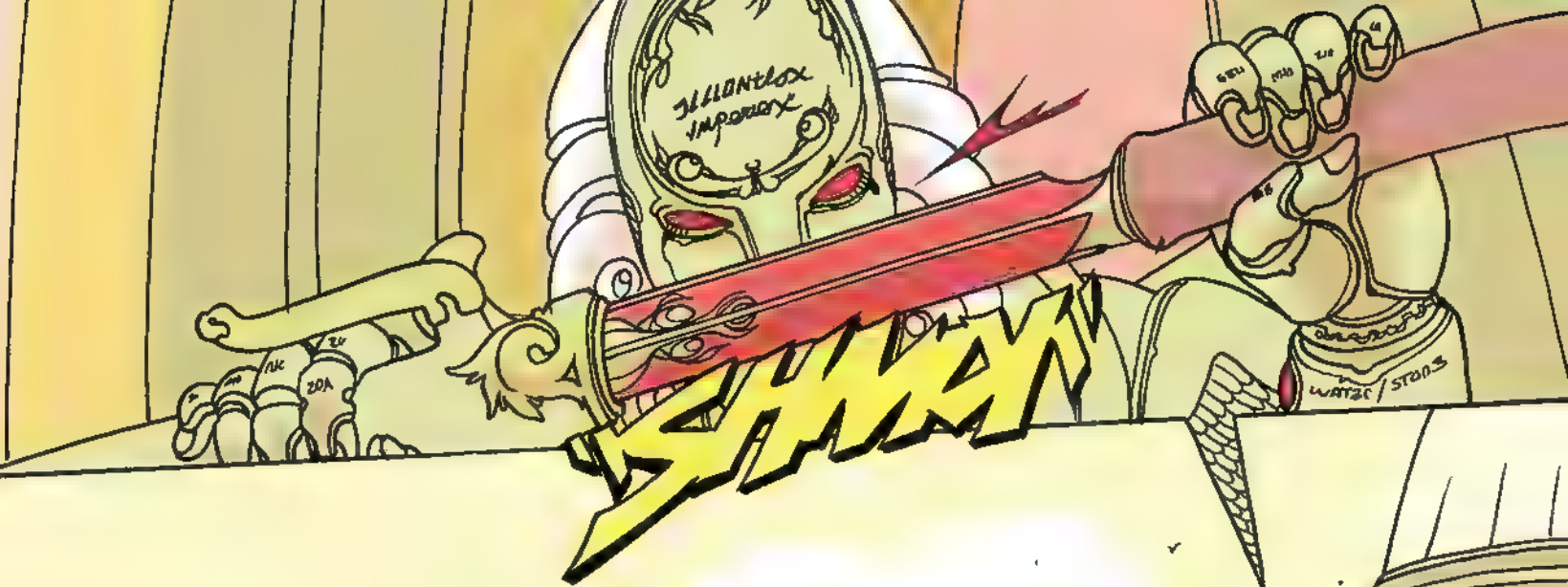


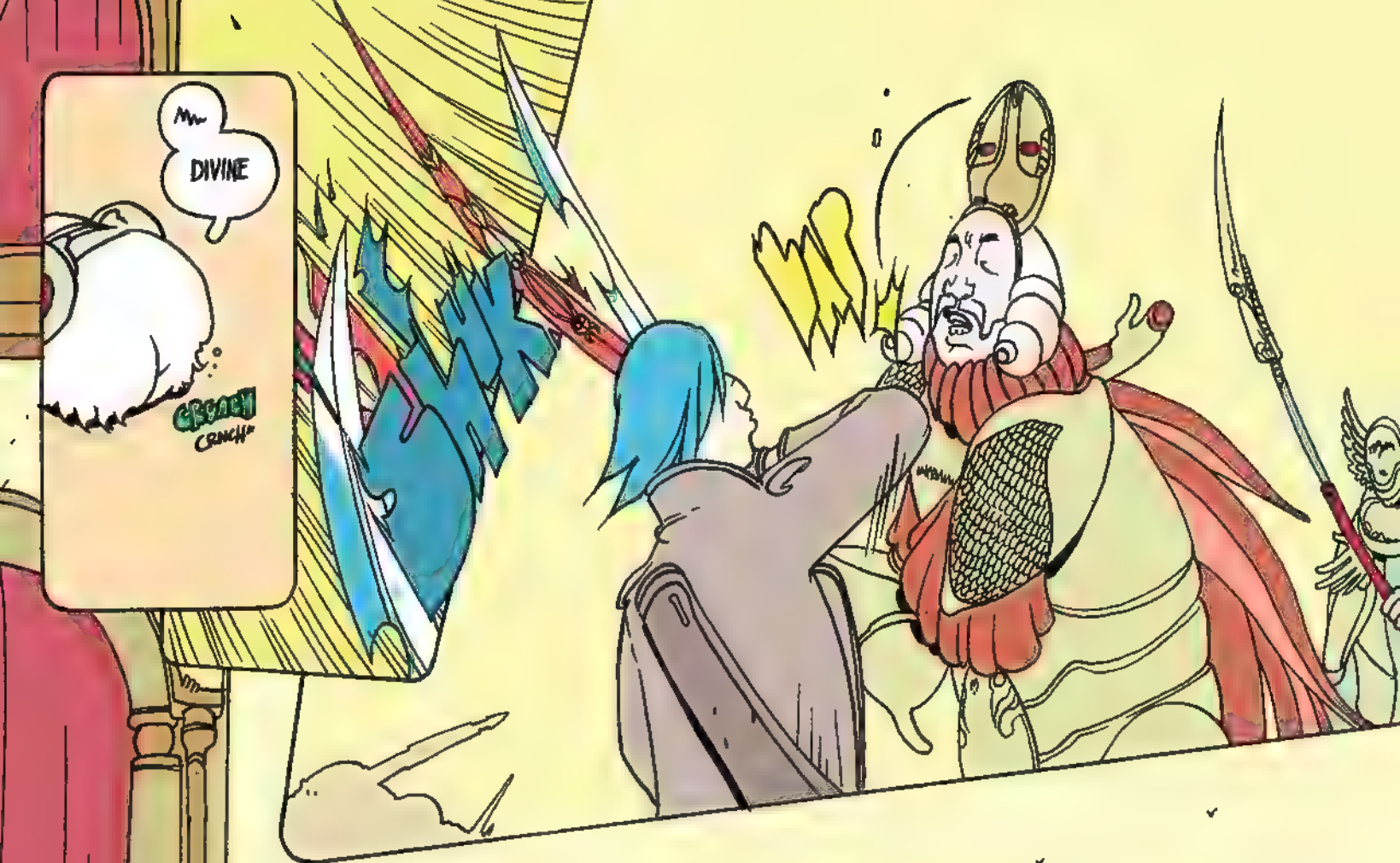










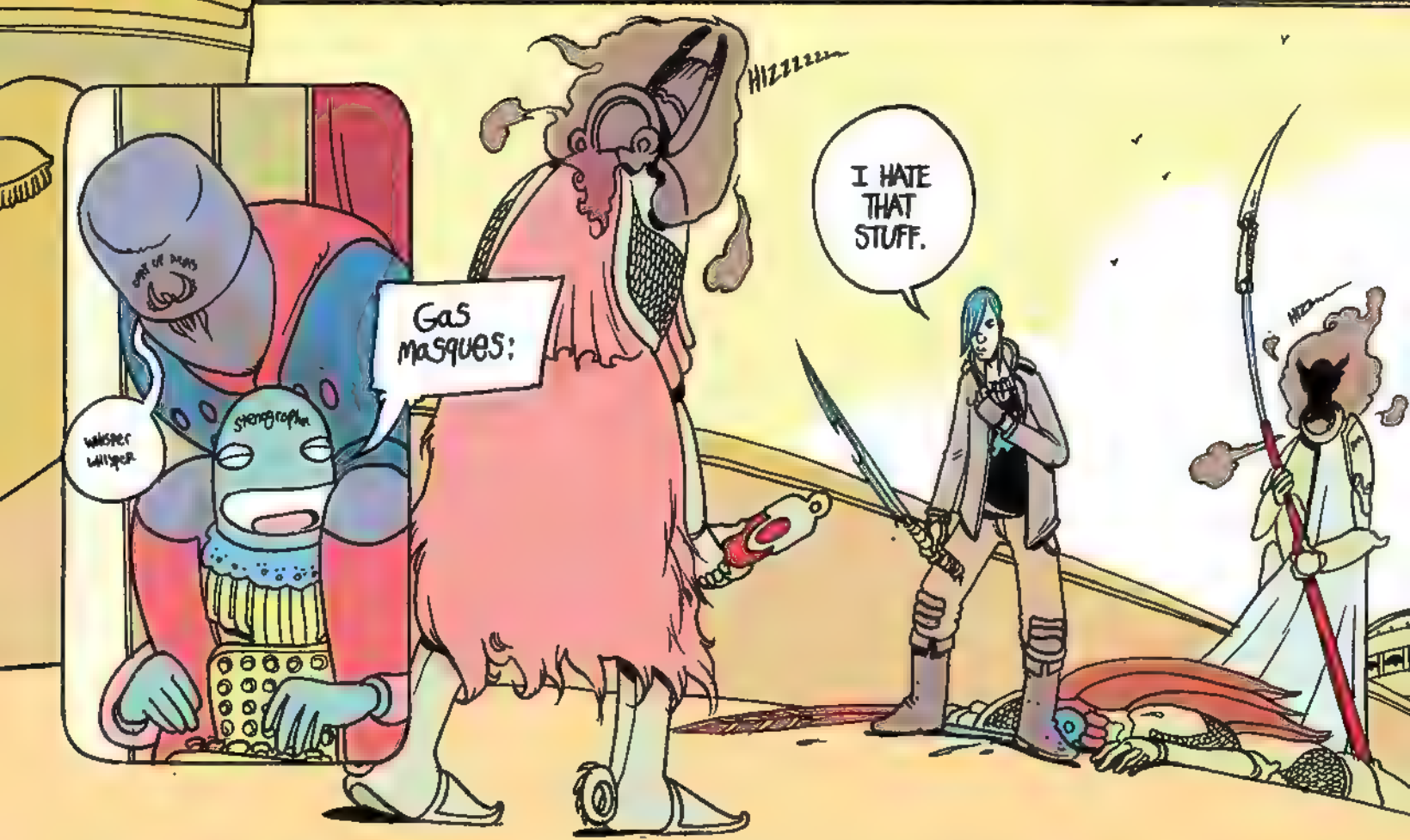


Mr
DIVINE

CRASH
CRUNCH

'NOT
THE GUY.

THOCK



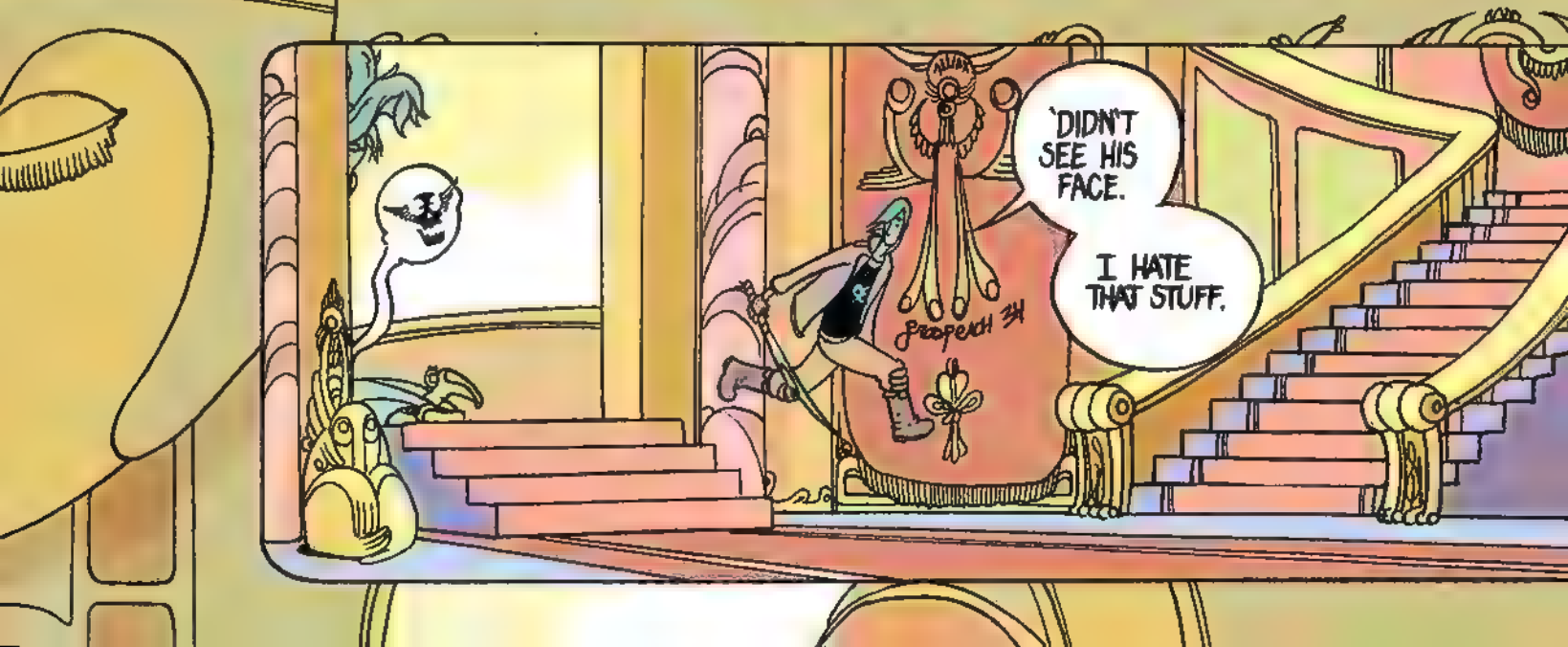
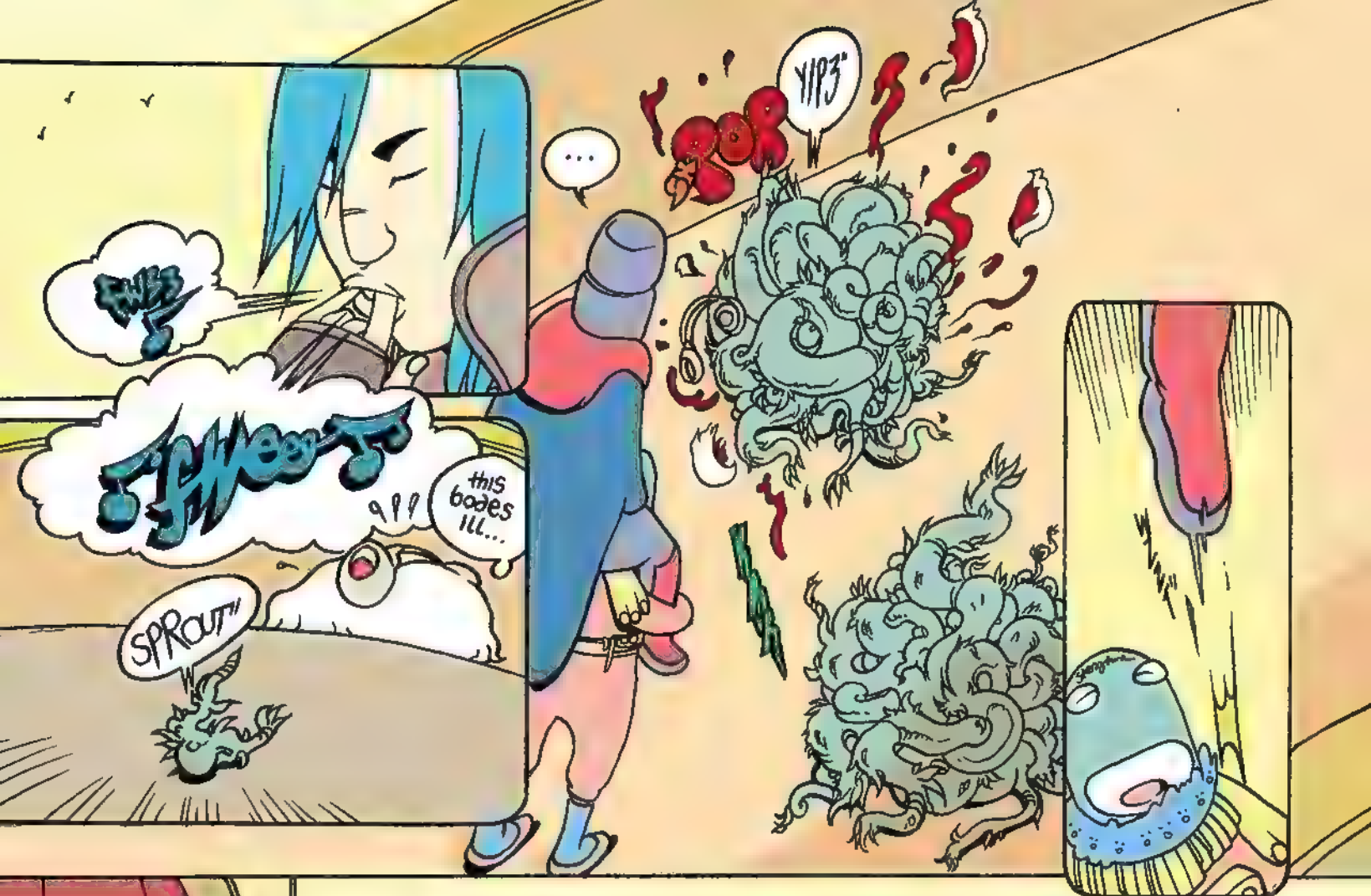
Gas
masques:

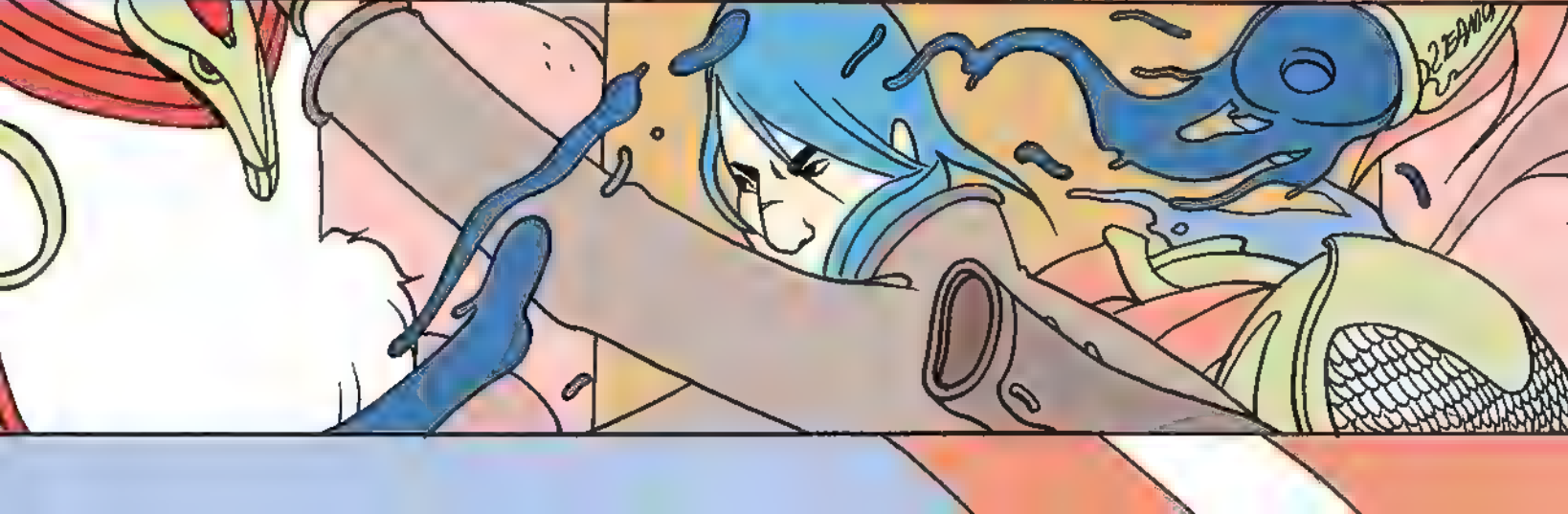
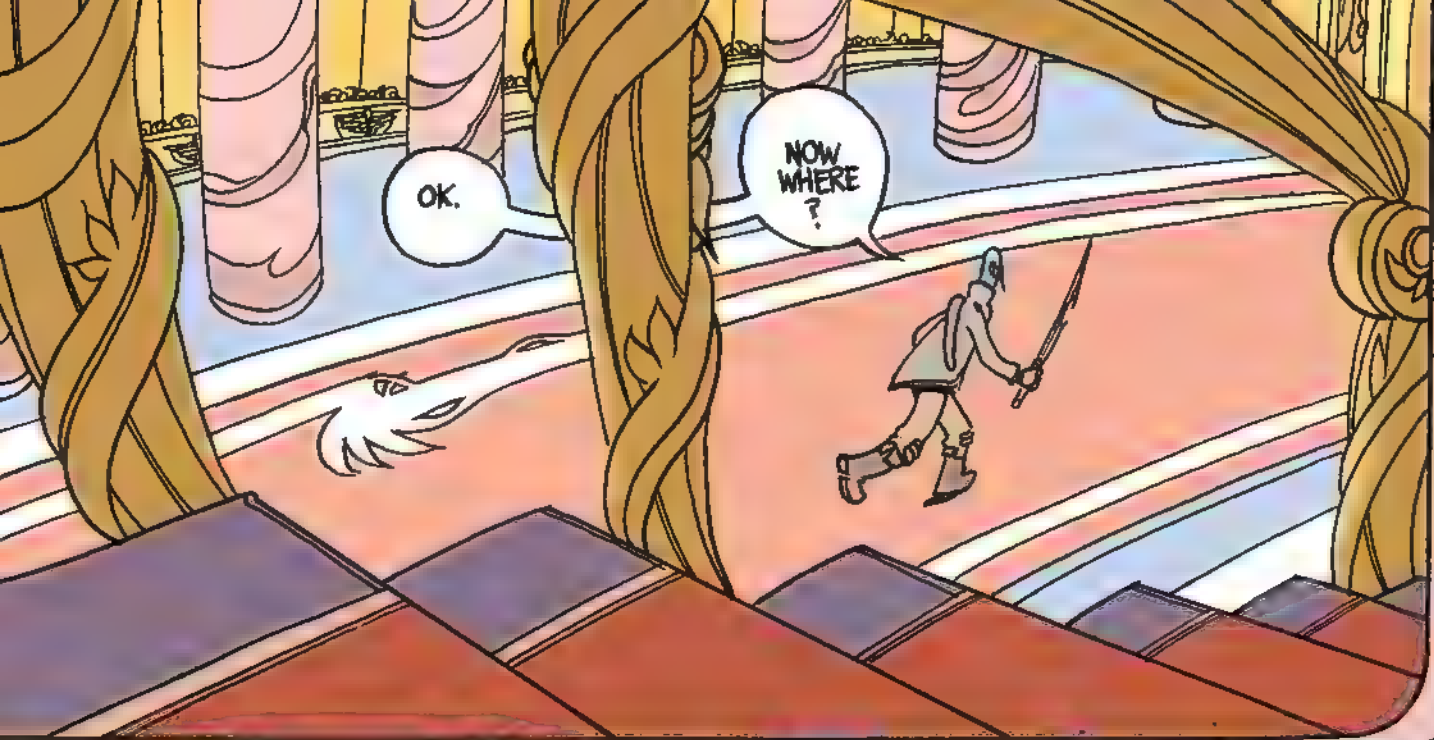
I HATE
THAT
STUFF.

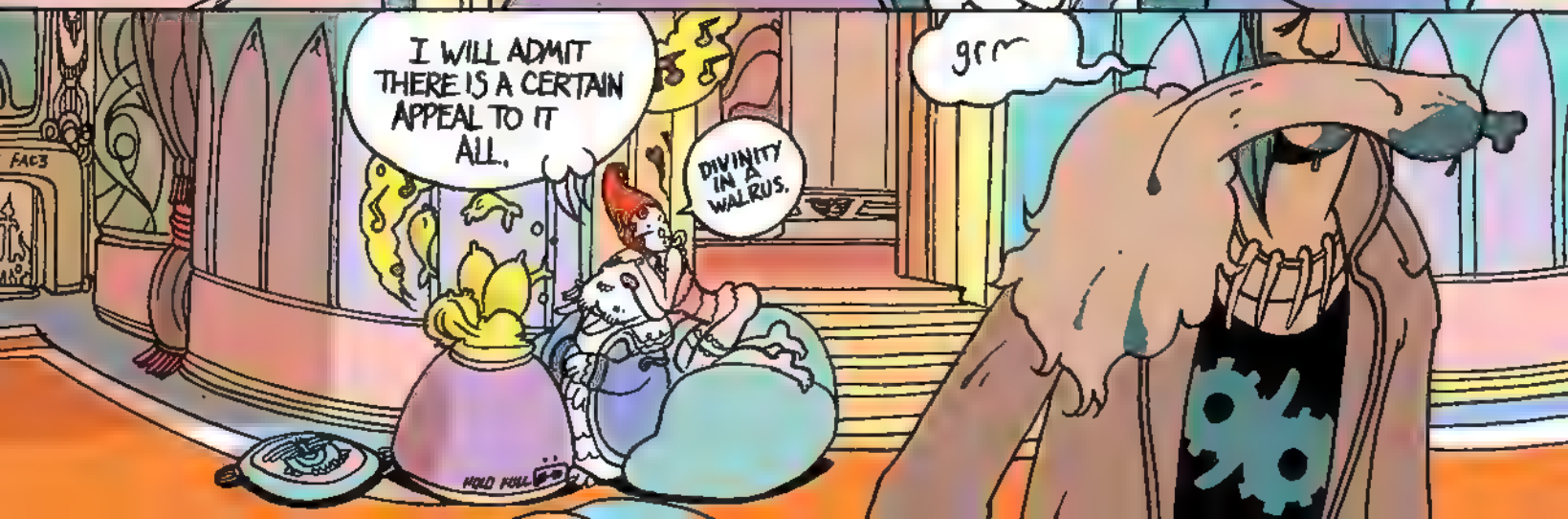
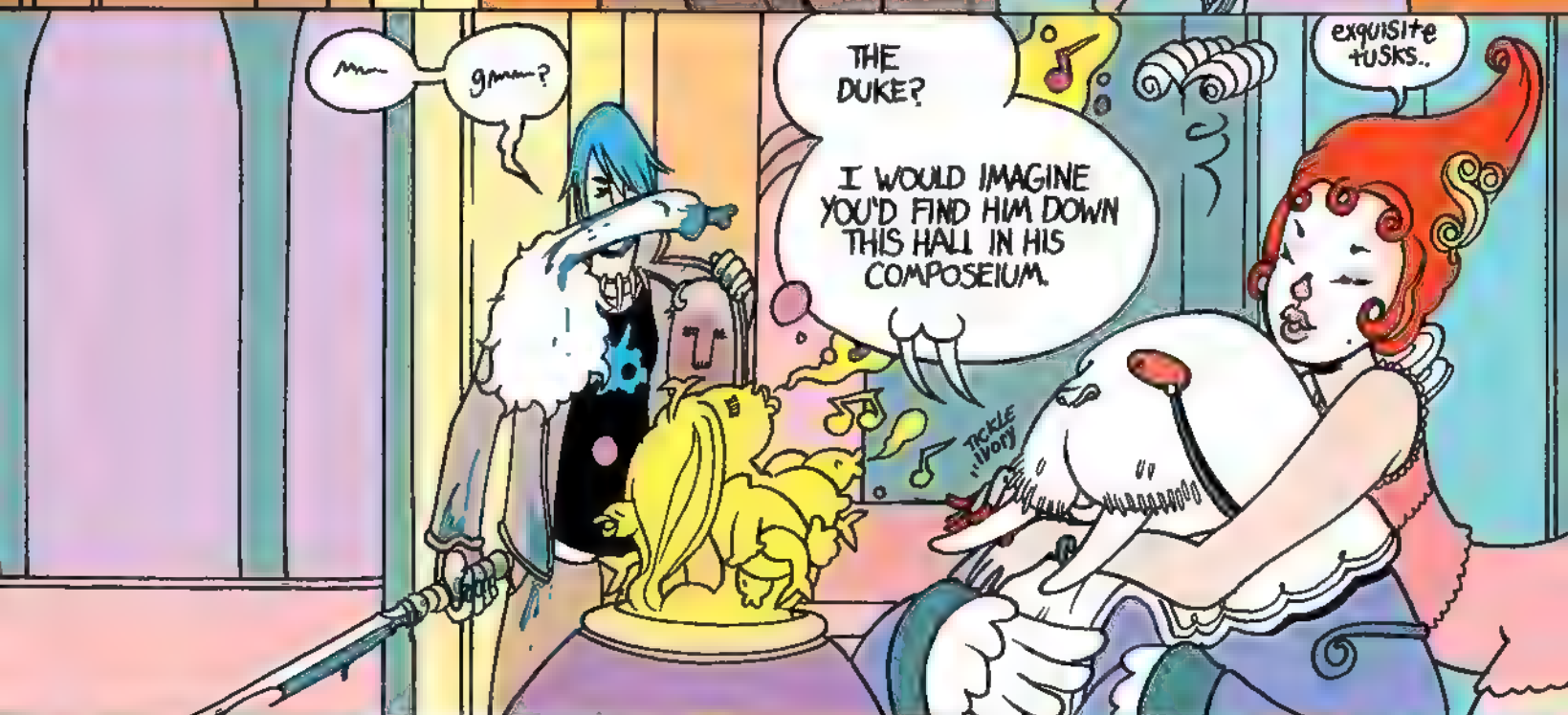
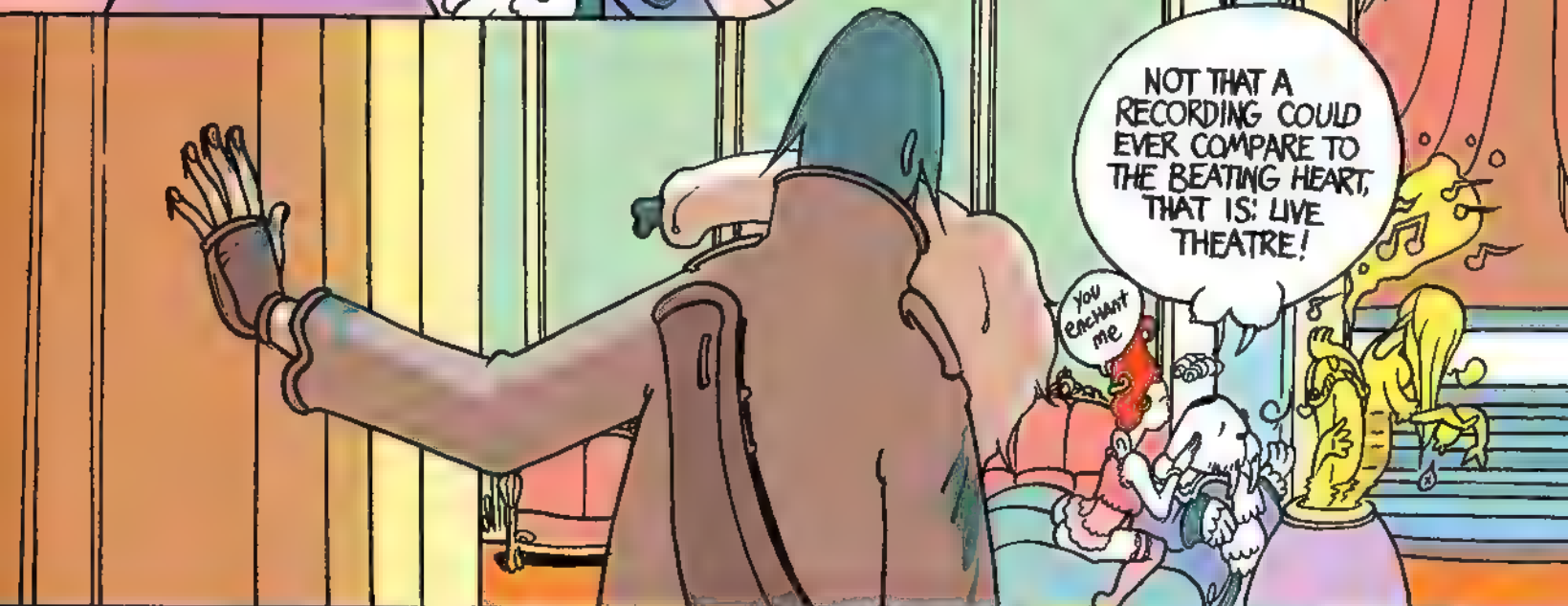
WHISPER
WHISPER

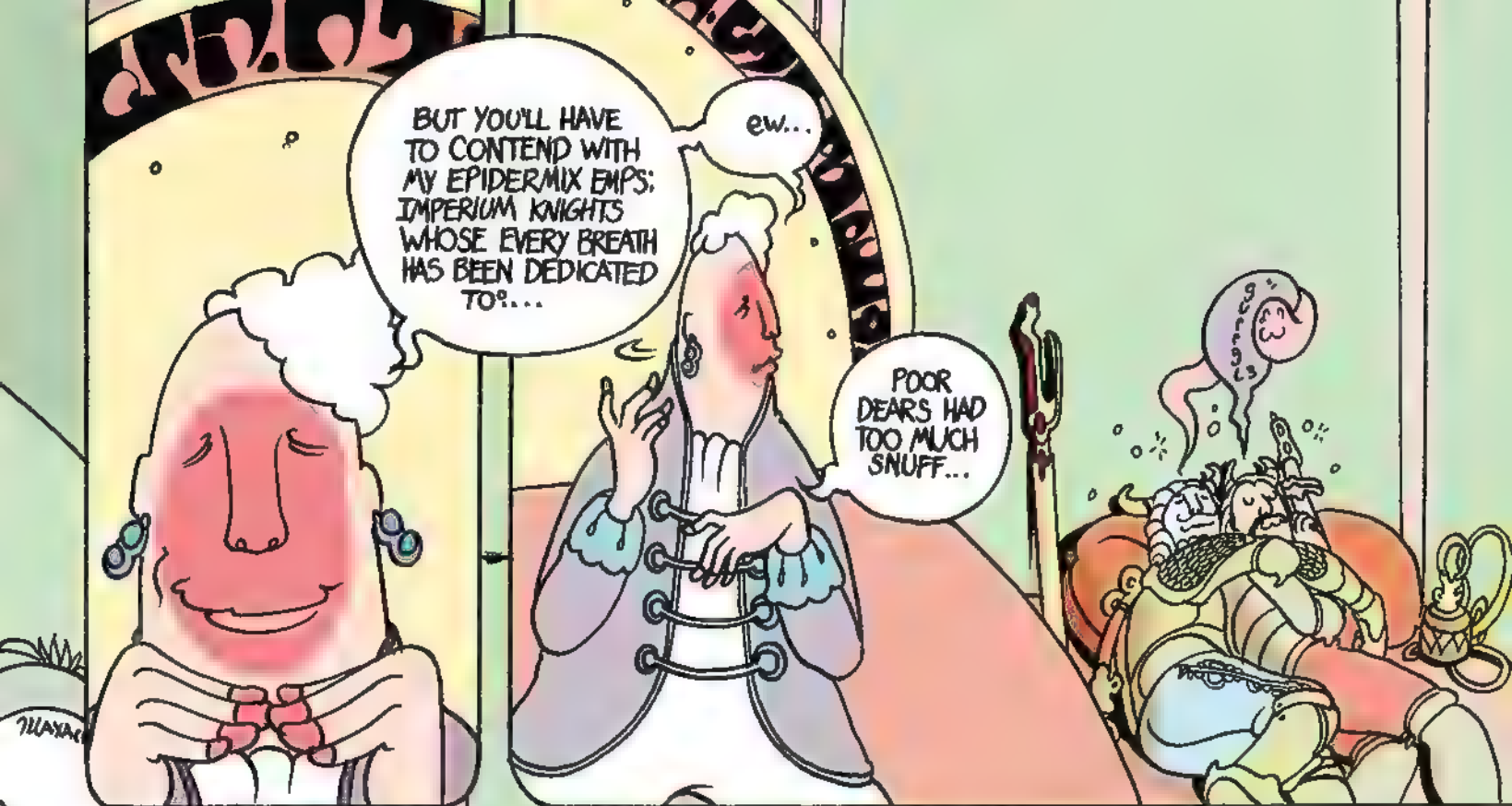
STENOGRAPH

HIZZZZ











grr?



grrr



grrr

!



grr

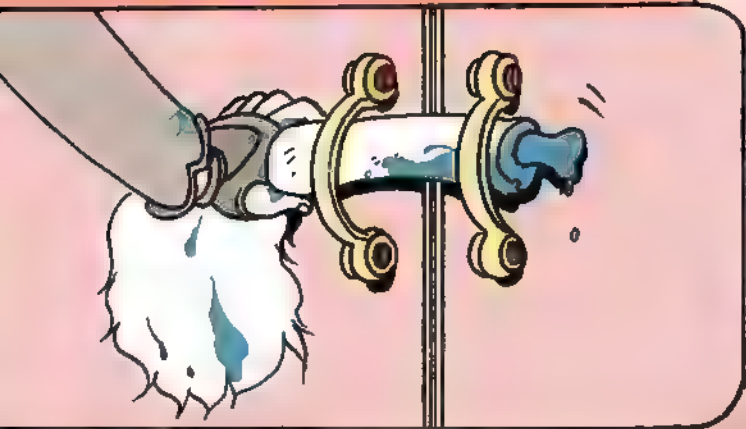
AND WHO IS THIS IN MY COMPOSEIUM?

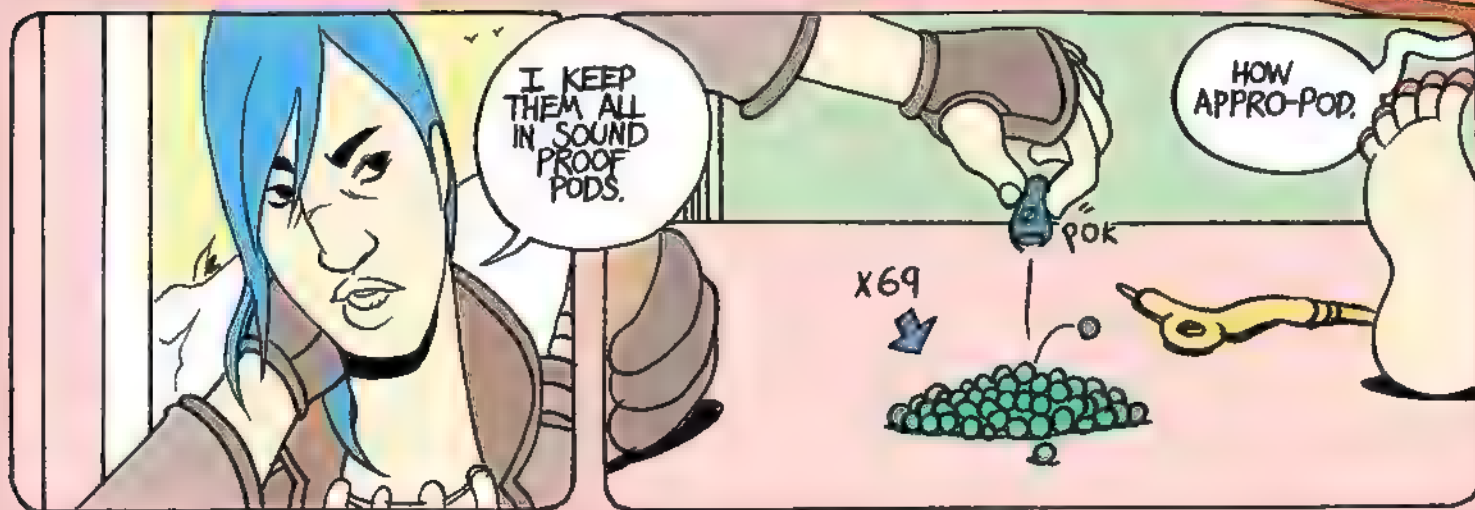
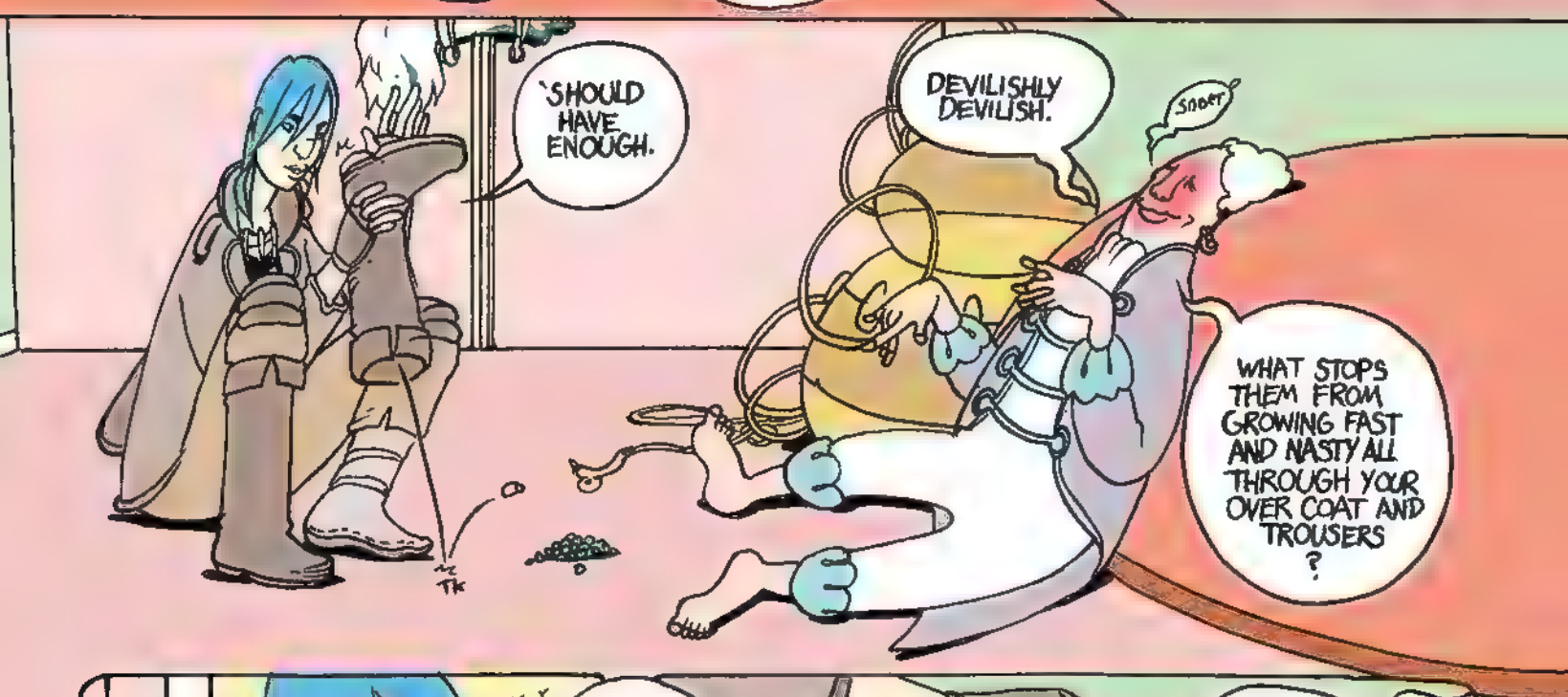
'COME QUIET AND I'LL LET YOU KEEP YOUR HEAD.

oooh

A BRIGAND HERE TO KIDNAP ME? HOW EXCITING!

CLAP CLAP







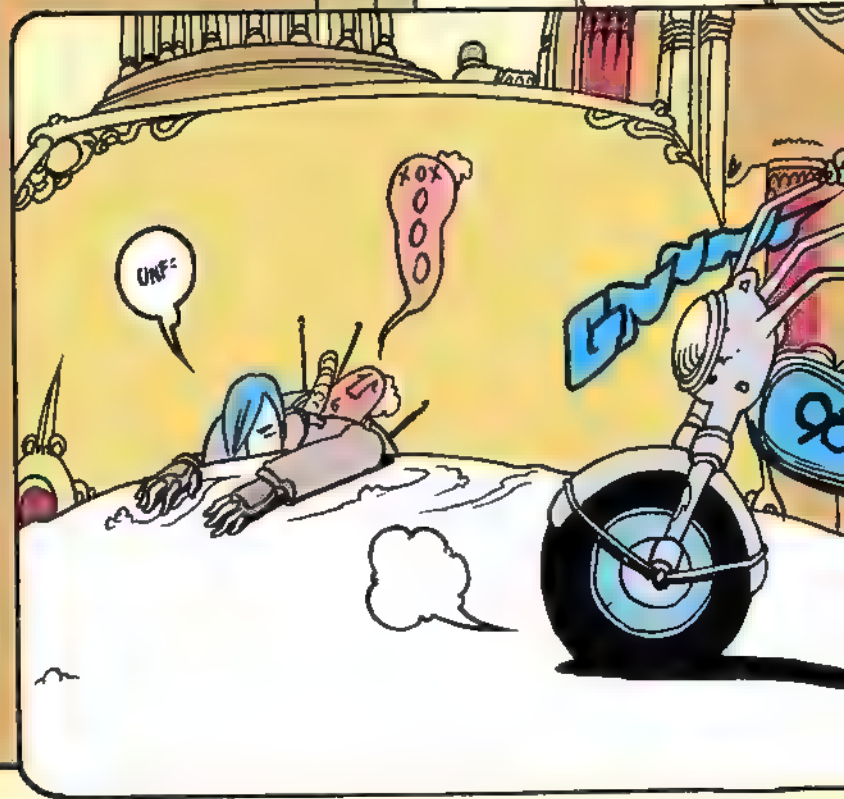
NOW WE JUST WAIT UNTIL MY BIKE CAN GET CLOSER.

Glow!

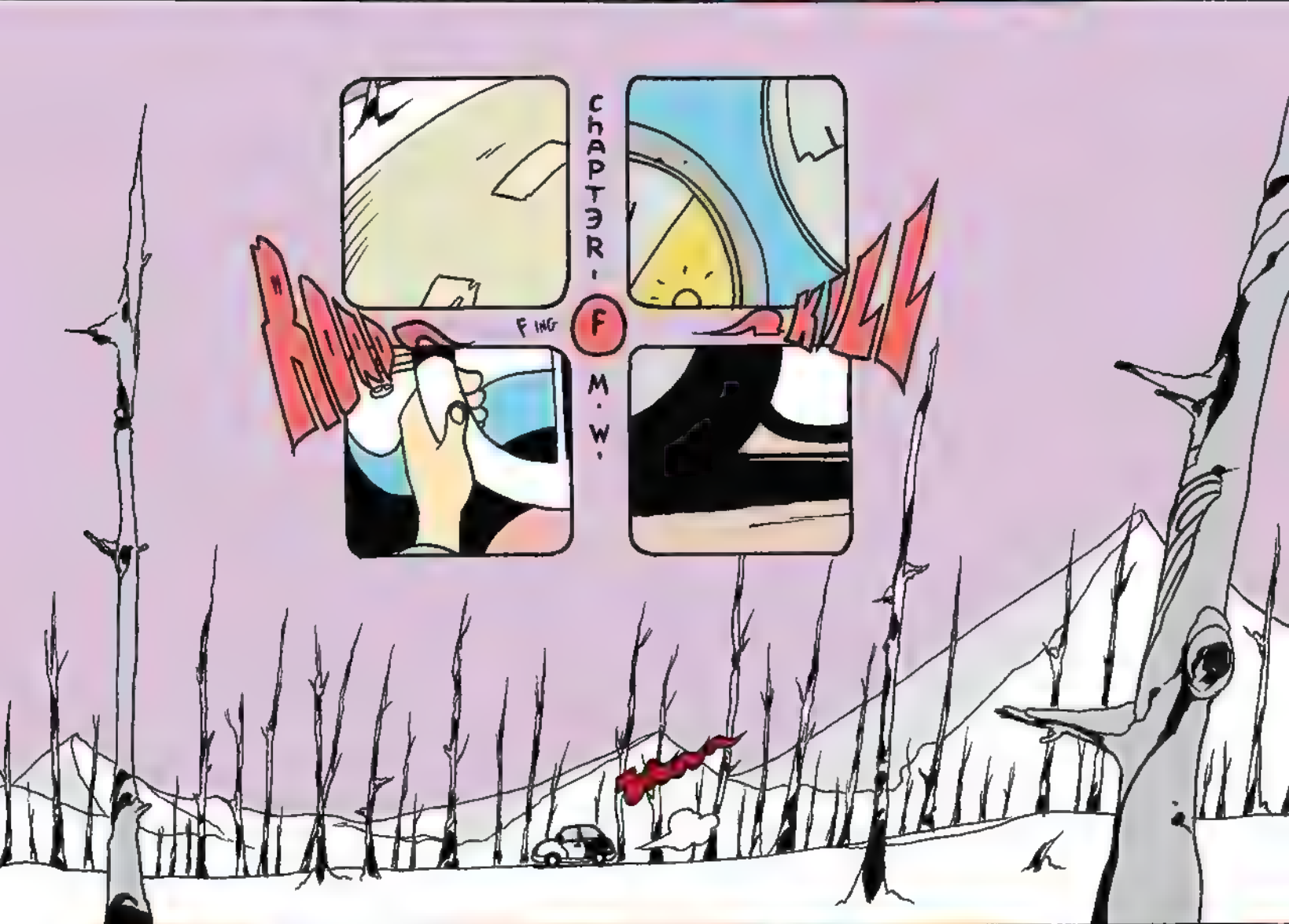
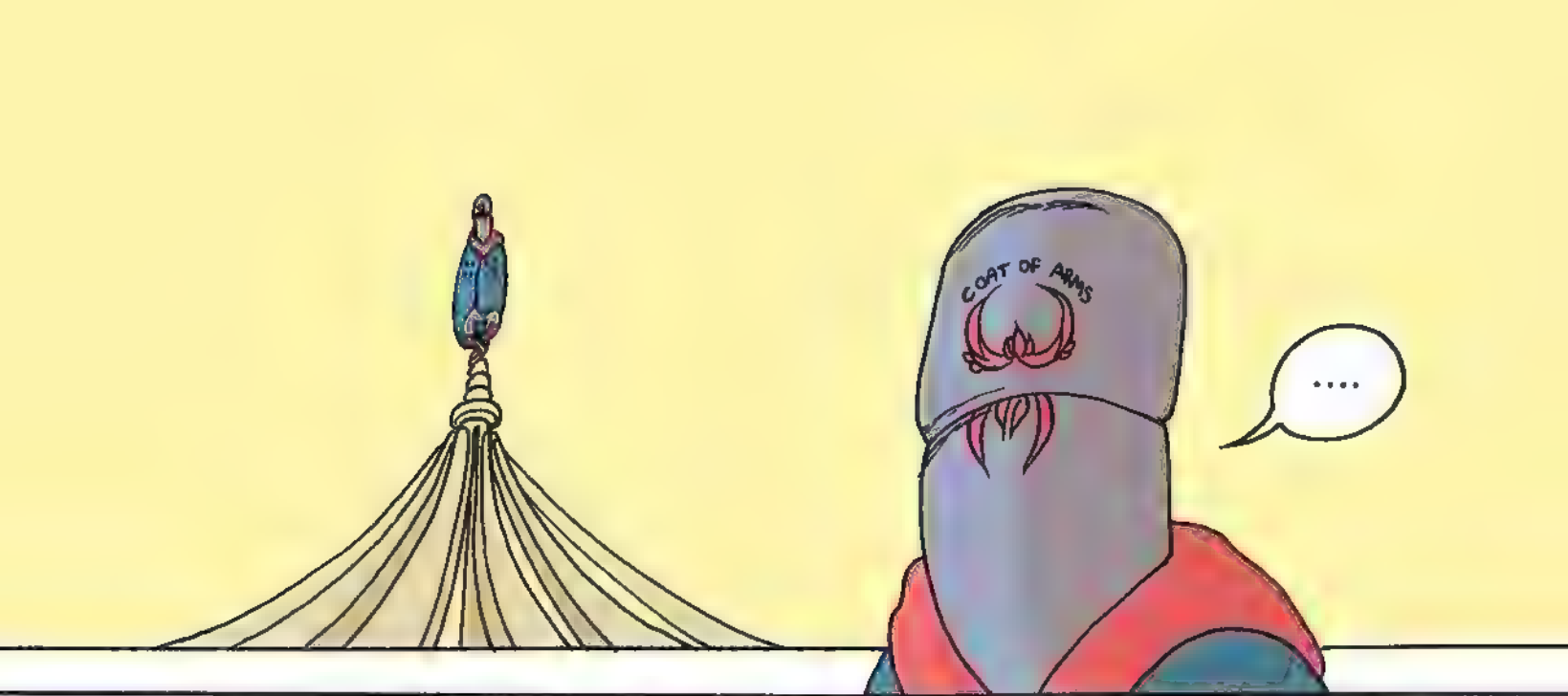
eeep:

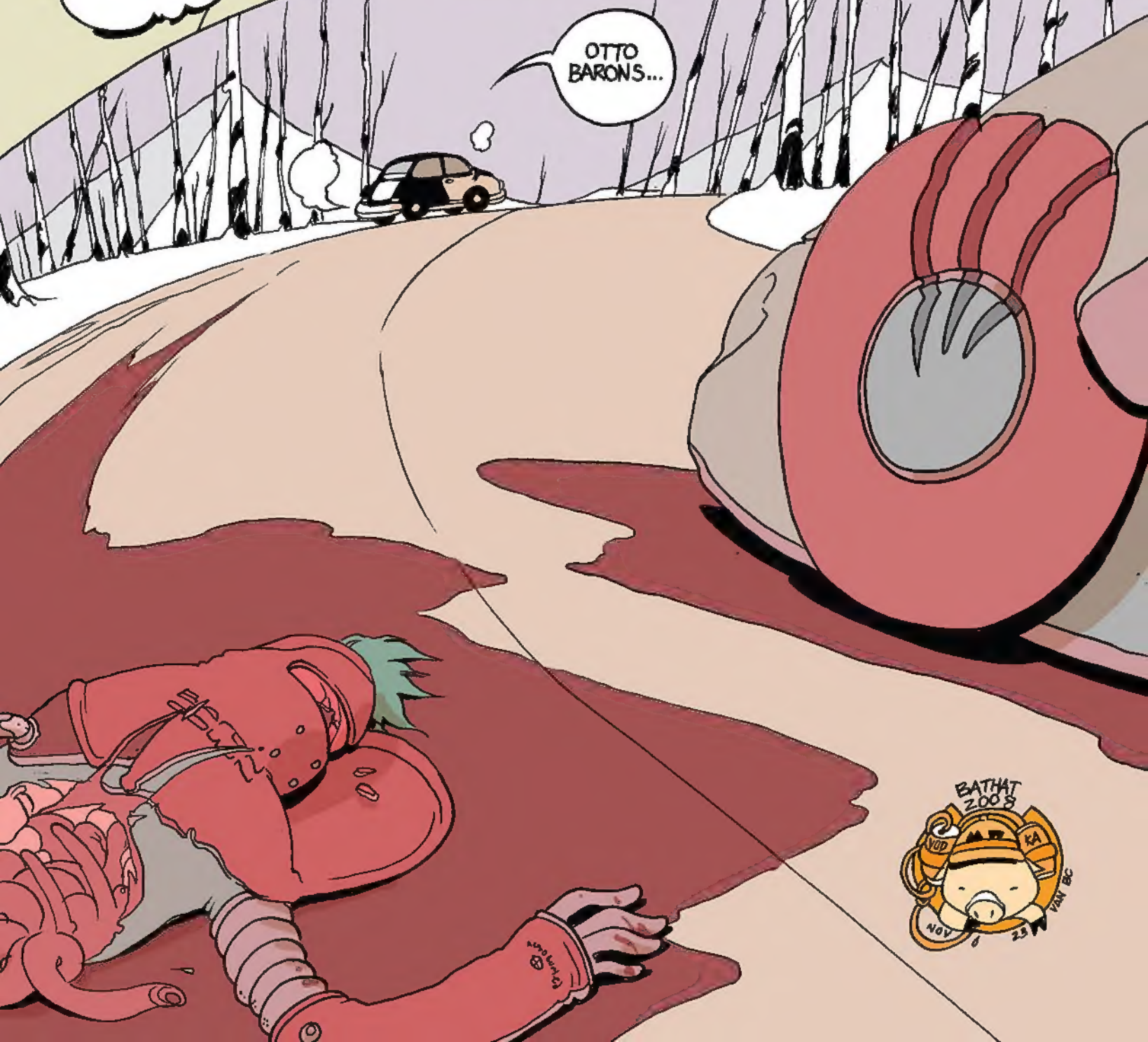
Wee! Wee!

LET'S GO.











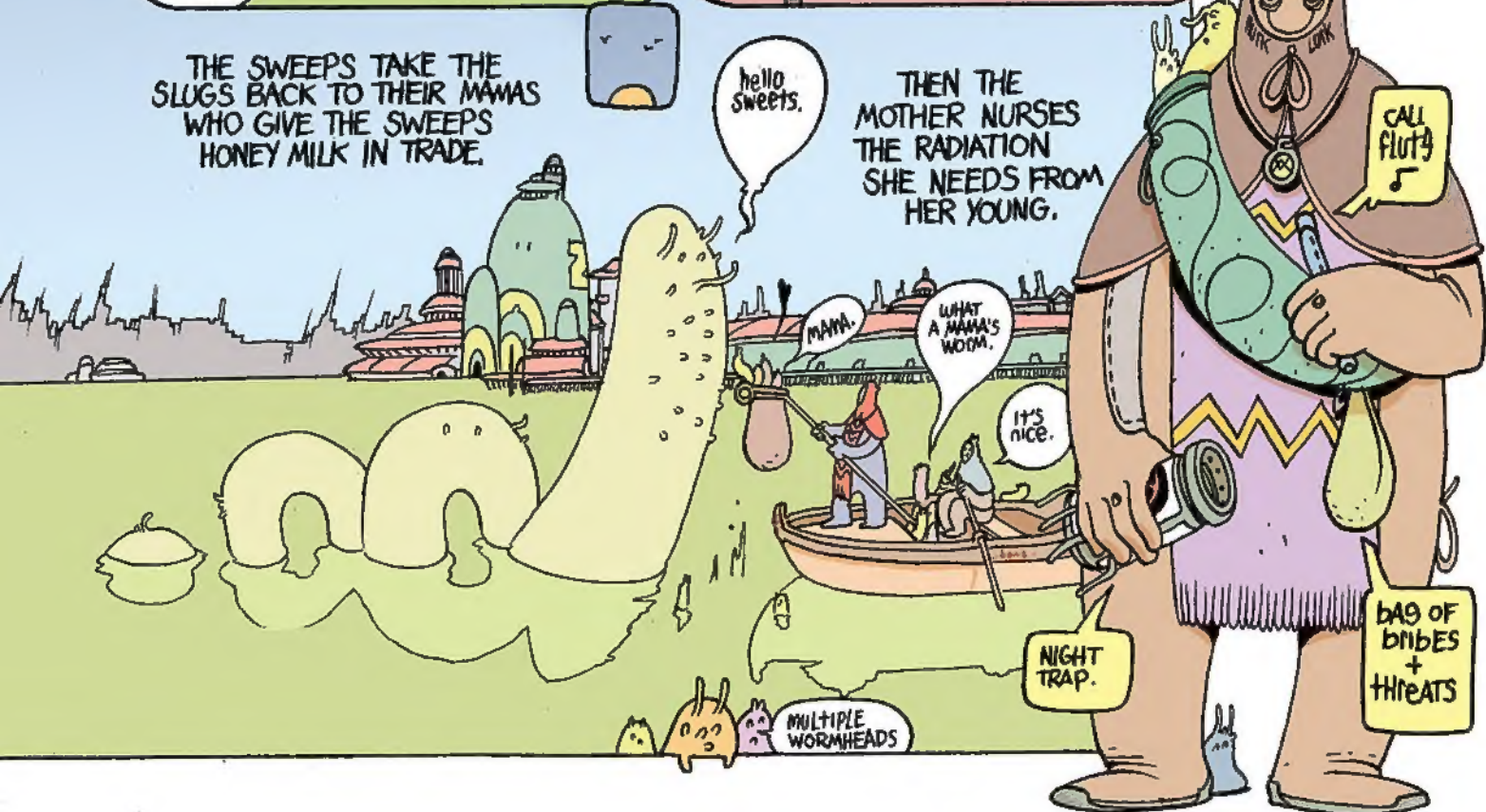
EVERYDAY THE YOUNG QUIMMY SLUGS LEAVE THE WARMTH OF THEIR MILK MOTHERS AND HEAD OUT LOOKING FOR RADIOACTIVE PARTICLES TO EAT.



HOURS LATER, QUIMMY SWEEPS COLLECT THE FULL AND HAPPY WORMS USING WHISTLES, TRAPS BRIBES AND THREATS.



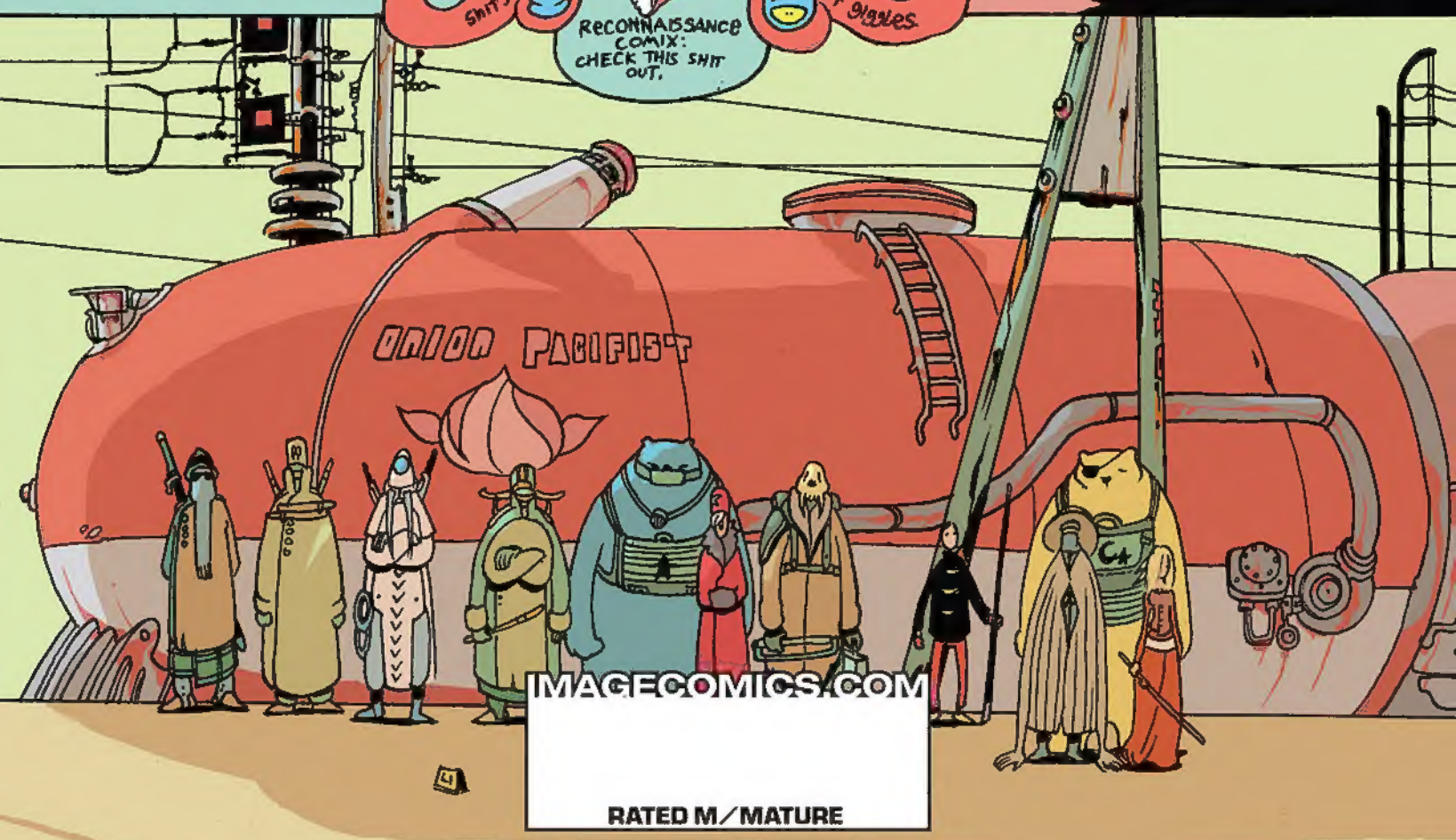
THE SWEEPS TAKE THE SLUGS BACK TO THEIR MAMAS WHO GIVE THE SWEEPS HONEY MILK IN TRADE.





TIME
FLIES WHEN
YOU'RE A
BIRD.

FRUIT FLIES
LIKE A
BANANA.



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